

Special Features This Issue
"Apalachicola Boat Show" - "Spirit"
"Poor Richard" - "The Magic of Waves"



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 22 - Number 3

June 15, 2004



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On the Cover...

Robb White gets the wood strip built version of an aluminum Grumman Sport Boat that his son, Sam, built up on a plane on its "sea trials," powered by a 1946 Martin outboard built by the National Pressure Cooker Company. More on the trials in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



I've commented from time to time in the past about the number and variety of newsletters we receive, usually in exchange for our sending the organizations and individuals involved exchange copies of *MAIB*. Reading through these provides a broad perspective on the multifaceted activity we collectively pursue under the umbrella of "messing about in boats." Of course, all the many stories readers send on for publication on these pages affirm the fact that there's an awful lot going on out there on small boat waters, but the newsletters emphasize how those sharing similar interests have gotten together in organized formats to collectively enjoy themselves.

Here's another sampling of such newsletters received here during the month of April. They do not comprise the entire lot we received but do illustrate that broad perspective I mentioned.

Just in is the latest issue of Ron Hoddinott's *West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron Newsletter*, in which Ron is first into print with a story on the May 1 weekend Cedar Key 20th Anniversary gathering on Florida's west coast. Ron's corner stapled four-pager, which serves the interests of the organization of the same name based on the Florida Gulf Coast, includes full color photos and tales of squadron beach cruising and attendant partying. Winter is their sailing season while many of us hunker down indoors.

North to New England where the season is just beginning, *Paddler*, Newsletter of the Rhode Island Canoe/Kayak Association, shucks off the winter doldrums with eight corner stapled pages of scheduled trips for sea kayaks and flat water canoeists, along with notes of environmental concerns and safety issues. It is Volume XXVII, Number 5, that's 27 years of serving their organization, which originally focused on canoeing until sea kayaks flooded the Ocean State's coastline.

From the Pacific Northwest comes *Shavings*, the newsletter of the Center for Wooden Boats in Seattle. This 12-page saddle stitch bound quarterly printed on coated light beige paper is full of all the news of what has been happening and what is coming up at the Center. Volume XXV, Number 5, represents a quarter century chronicling the realization of founder Dick Wagner's dream of a traditional small boat presence on the Seattle waterfront.

Heading south to San Diego we find *Scuz Bums News*, Newsletter of the Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society. The ongoing activities of this informally organized group of small boaters are chronicled

in a whimsical style by Annie Kolls, the ScuzMum, that indispensable person in most such groups willing to keep it going. Issue #89 is a nicely printed unbound folded 10-pager (now in its 14th year) with many photos accompanying its story content. Occasional issues carry full color photos.

For those who dream of restoring old boats that can be bought on the cheap, *Bone Yard Boats* is another nicely printed unbound folded 12-pager, full of classified ads for those old boats awaiting saviors in their boneyards. Founder/Editor Ginger Martus has long since fleshed out her original copy machine pages of boat listings with comments and stories about various old boats, many undergoing restorations after being saved by her reader, this latest Issue Number 24.

A very specifically focused group of lovers and saviors of old boats is the Lawley Boat Owners' Association, served by *Lawley Built*, a quarterly corner stapled 20-page newsletter chronicling that group's activities and events with historical articles relevant to the Lawley mystique. A regular feature is an up-to-date listing of all known Lawley yachts and tenders still in existence. The group was founded in 1990 and the current issue is Number 35, still edited by founder Albert E. Hickey.

Another preservationist group is the Gundalow Company, its sole boat being the replica Piscataqua Gundalow that sails on New Hampshire's Great Bay, as did its predecessors 150 years ago. The *Edward H. Adams* has had several owners since it was built in 1982, and the current group is a recently organized effort set up when the Portsmouth Strawbery Banke Museum gave up trying to support the vessel. The *Piscataqua Gundalow Current* is thus a new a six-page folded unbound newsletter effort devoted to building support for the continued operation of their gundalow.

Model boats are part of the mix and *The Foghorn*, Newsletter of the Marine Modelers Club of New England, is an outstanding eight-page unbound folded newsletter with many photos and articles illustrating the impressive array of boat and ship models (with emphasis on contemporary power rather than sail) members have built and enjoy at pond regattas.

These are but eight picked from many more we get to see regularly, and I am sure we get to see only a small fraction of all such small boat newsletters that must be out there keeping the spirit of messing about in boats alive and well.

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from an Elderhostel that used the Alaskan Marine Hwy vessel, the *Columbia*. The ship carried us from Bellingham, Washington, to Skagway, Alaska, and back, over 2000 miles.

We were given a series of lectures during the trip. The lecture hall was the forward lounge of the ship, where you had a breathtaking view of Alaska's Southeast Inside Passage having islands topped with snow-capped mountains. During the lectures we were told to shout out if we saw anything of interest. So every once in awhile one of us would shout out something like, "whale spout at 11 o'clock," and the whole group would jump up with binoculars and focus on humpback whales jumping out of the water. Not a bad place for a lecture.

We learned a lot about salmon, their importance to Alaskans, and to animals and birds that gather in the thousands when salmon are running up a stream to spawn. You can think of the salmon as the very lifeblood of Alaska. The salmon is the reason for the great populations of eagles and bears in Alaska. Scientists have even found that plants and trees along salmon streams grow faster and stay healthier. They theorize that as the mature salmon die after spawning, their decaying bodies add needed nutrients to the stream bed.

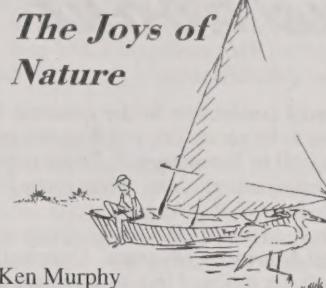
In my mind, the importance of salmon can be further stretched, think of the first humans who trekked across the land or ice bridge that spanned the Bering Strait. Current thinking is that this movement was accomplished during the last Ice Age when much of Canada was covered with ice fields. It is believed that Alaska's Southeast Islands were clear of glaciers and allowed these humans to survive. What did they eat? Chances are salmon! So when you think of the first people who populated the American continent, remember the role salmon probably played in their survival during the early stages of their migration.

All species of Pacific salmon are anadromous, fish that spawn in fresh water and live most of their lives in salt water. All Pacific salmon die after spawning. Salmon may travel more than 2,000 river miles during a 60-day migration period. Once in fresh water, they do not feed and so their condition deteriorates gradually during the spawning run as they use stored body materials for energy. Each female deposits from 3,000 to 14,000 eggs in several gravel nests, or redds, which she excavates in relatively deep, moving water. In Alaska, the eggs usually hatch in late winter or early spring, depending on time of spawning and water temperature. The newly hatched fish, called alevins, live in the gravel for several weeks until they gradually absorb the food in the attached yolk sac. These juveniles, called fry, wiggle up through the gravel by early spring. In Alaska, most juvenile salmon remain in fresh water until the following spring when they migrate to the ocean in their second year of life. These seaward migrants are called smolts.

Our instructors taught us a trick that young Alaskans use to remember the names of the five important Pacific salmon. It just takes a few minutes to learn and thereafter you will know the names of these fish, so important to both the first Americans and, currently, to present day Alaskans.

Look at your hand with its five fingers and make the following connections:

Thumb - rhymes with chum, thus Chum



By Ken Murphy

The Pacific Salmon

Salmon (second name: Dog Salmon, think of dog eating chum).

Forefinger - think of a Marx Brother using his forefinger to poke (sock) his brother's eye, thus Sockeye Salmon (second name: Red Salmon, think of the poked eye turning red).

Middle finger - this is the longest finger so think big, think King Salmon (second name: Chinook Salmon, picture a hooked middle finger touching your chin).

Ring finger - think of a silver ring on the finger, thus Silver Salmon (second name: Coho Salmon, the Os being rings).

Pinky finger - think pinky, think pink, thus Pink Salmon (second name: Humpback Salmon, picture your pinky in a hooked, or humped position).

Two columns ago the subject was the American Eel which has a spawning cycle just the opposite from salmon. That is, they spawn in the ocean and grow in fresh water. Here are some e-mails concerning the American Eel:

Thomas Godzicki writes: "Two years after moving to a farm in western Wisconsin we had what they called a hundred year flood, following 13" of rain in a week. The creek which ran through the farm was thoroughly scoured out and the bed had changed from soft sand to jagged rock. One day, while at the creek trying to figure out how I was going to replace a private bridge which had been lost, I happened to notice a thrashing in the water, which proved to be hundreds of small black eels. They were about the length and diameter of a pencil. I had been used to spending a lot of time in and around this creek, it was a trout stream and good for suckers, too, but I'd never seen anything like these eels in there."

"When I asked my farming neighbors about this they seemed very blasé and, without detailing, they mentioned that little kids had some mysterious way of catching eels out of the mud. I never saw another eel in that creek after that day. Several years later I recall reading a piece in the local newspaper about them, which mentioned that the eels bred in the Sargasso Sea, that elvers made their way up the Mississippi to Wisconsin, and that they had some way of climbing dams and lock gates on their way to a place thousands of miles from where they were born. I never found out if all the thrashing was connected to the upheaval of the flood or if that was some annual ritual I had just never happened to witness before."

Tom Godzicki, Grand Haven, MI

Burt Van Deusen writes: "I have lived in East Hampton, New York, since 1979. Once during my early years here, Three Mile Har-

bor froze solid. This does not happen every year, probably once in every five."

"The harbor is between my house and my former work and I passed by it nearly daily. The first time I saw it frozen it was quite a scene. An assortment of wooden DNs, skaters, kids on trash can tops, dogs, and "solid water" sailing scooters that had found their way out of barns and garages and onto the harbor ice, were scattered everywhere.

"Among all the action there was a small group of heavily clothed fisherman types quietly standing around a hole cut through the ice, picks and axes lying at their feet. Using a long pole, 10' or 15' in length and tipped with a forked metal prong, they were randomly jabbing into the harbor mud, all the while holding lit cigarettes between their lips and watch caps pulled over their ears. Soon the pole would begin to shake in the fisherman's hand and, when he retrieved it, a 1- or 2-lb. eel would be stuck on the end. After unpronging it, the eel would be thrown on the ice to wriggle freely, kicked away from the hole. An old black Lab that was waiting nearby began pawing the eel, but it had a hard time pinning the slippery thing down and finally abandoned it.

"Later the fisherman gathered up the now frozen eels, tossed them into a spackle bucket, then put them into the back of a pickup and drove off. I was told they "smoked" them."

Very best, Burt Van Deusen, E. Hampton, NY

Joseph Ress writes: "Until very recently I have done a bit of fly fishing, about a year or so ago I was fishing in the Millers River in (or near) Orange, Massachusetts. Since the bank was steep, almost vertical to the river, it made a nice seat (for an easily tiring old man). So I sat myself down on the bank with my feet (in waders) resting in the water to tie on a new fly. As I sat down, a rather vigorous turmoil erupted in the water under me. Frightened, I looked down and caught a very fleeting glimpse of a snake-like body, light brown in color, about 2-1/2" in diameter. It may have had some speckling on the body, but I cannot be certain.

"I immediately withdrew my feet from the river, thus ending my piscatorial efforts. My first thought was that I had escaped from some poisonous reptile (which I understand are rarities in central Massachusetts). As I thought about the episode, I sort of concluded that it might have been an eel, but after discussing this with some of my fishing friends, none were knowledgeable on the subject of eels and so I was unable to elicit any firm opinion on the matter. As you state in your article, eels do not seem to be a popular subject in the U.S., either for the table or for their natural history. The Millers River, as you may know, flows into the Connecticut River in the vicinity of Miller's Falls, Massachusetts.

In any event, I turn to you, as a demonstrated expert on eels, for help in solving what may seem to some to be a topic unworthy of further investigation, but to me was a frightening experience (and I might add, the last time I cast a fly rod). Whatever assistance you might render will be greatly appreciated, and I hope we continue to see your very pleasant articles on the "Joys of Nature."

Kindest regards, Joseph Ress, Waban, MA

Contributions to this column should be emailed to Ken Murphy at kgmurphy@comcast.net.

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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

East Meets Midwest

I went to a canoe event at Lake Nokomis here in Minnesota the other day to help out the Bell Canoe folks. It seems that the kayaks had taken over the event. Between the white water play boats and the sea kayaks, they outnumbered the canoes about three to one.

Our display was near the south end of the beach. That was good as it gave us more space off and on the beach to demo our stuff. Right next to us on the very end of the line were a couple of guide boats. There is something wrong with this picture. Guide boats on Lake Nokomis? I've never seen that before.

David Rosen from Adirondack Guide Boats was at the event with a trailerload of guide boats to promote his product. I think that he must have been doing a good job as his boats were on the water most of the time and people were waiting for a chance to try one. I had seen guide boats before and I knew something of their history, but the ones I had seen were at the Adirondack Museum in the Adirondacks, never in Minnesota, and definitely not on Lake Nokomis.

Most of my rowing in recent years has been in some of our homebuilt Whitehall types or in boats of my own design. I had to try out one of these guide boats and see why all the hype. Late in the evening, as the crowd was thinning out, I took a break from helping Bell to test one of David's boats. I was impressed.

I tried the boat out again on Monday after the big event. It was a cold blustery day with wind gusting to 30. The boat seemed to handle the conditions just fine. That wind would have blown our canoes off the lake. I wish the folks from Adirondack Guide Boats all the best. I hope to see more of their boats on our waters.

Information of Interest...

Exeter Museum Boats, Continued

Regarding the boats from the Exeter Museum, a U.K. correspondent advises me as follows:

"There have been occasional comments on this list about the large collection of historic and ethnic small craft that went to Oulton Broad at Lowestoft from the defunct Exeter Maritime Museum. The Oulton Broad collection closed to the public about two years ago, and since then several of us have had extreme difficulties in getting any information about what was happening to the boats

It seems that some of the collection is now at Eyemouth, in the Scottish Borders (by road, about nine miles north of Berwick on Tweed and about 50 miles east of Edinburgh). The collection is called "World of Boats" and more of the approximately 400 small craft will move there from Lowestoft in the future.

There is a website: <http://www.worldofboats.org/> which is still under construction.

The e-mail connection to the museum does not seem to be set up yet, nor do some pages display well in Netscape 4-7. There is also a link to information about a Maritime Festival at Eyemouth this August.

I have to thank Mr. George Hogg, of the National Maritime Museum, Cornwall, at Falmouth, for much of this information. Martin Evans."

Craig O'Donnell, Chestertown, MD

Flying Junior Mis-Identified

Charlie Hewins' letter in the May 1 issue, a valuable warning about exposing a wooden boat to the elements, contains a grossly misleading parenthetical remark having nothing to do with the gist of his message.

He says the Flying Junior is "the unsinkable fiberglass version of the Flying Dutchman." Not even close. They are both unballasted centerboard sloops. The resemblance ends there.

The FD is a 19'9" trapeze boat with spinnaker. Unlike most racing dinghies, it has a large wraparound genoa that needs a strong crew to sheet in. It has been made of fiberglass with flotation and other materials.

The Flying Junior is a 13'2" boat used in intercollegiate competition, like the Club 420, which is more familiar in East Coast waters. The FJ is seen a lot in West Coast collegiate fleets.

Rodney Myrvaagnes, New York, NY

Monitor vs Merrimac (Continued)

Dane Martindell wrote (May 1) to state that, while he had read with interest Peter Gray's article (March 15) on the Newport News Mariners Museum, he wished "to point out a mistake in Mr. Gray's facts concerning the *USS Monitor*."

Alas, I no longer have Mr. Gray's article at hand, but assumedly as a correction, Mr. Martindell writes, "The epic battle with the *Merrimac* took place off of Hampton Roads, Virginia." The *Monitor* fought not the *Merrimac*, but the *CSS Virginia*, rebuilt from the scuttled hulk of the U.S. steam frigate *Merrimack* (note the "k") and renamed. Secondly, the battle was fought in Hampton Roads, which lies just off Newport News (roads, or roadstead: a partially sheltered area near shore in which vessels may anchor. Less protected than a harbor.) The engagement was fought on March 9, 1862.

Mr. Martindell doubted that the *Monitor* "ever spent time in Chesapeake Bay as it (sic) came straight down from New York to battle the rebel ship." Hampton Roads is in the James River, which debouches into Chesapeake Bay about 17nm from the mouth of the bay. Therefore, the vessel must have spent a few hours in the bay on her way to the river. Three months after the historic, one-day engagement, with Union forces closing in on Norfolk and the *Virginia* drawing too much water to flee up the James River, she was run aground and set fire. The *Monitor* remained in the area until her tragic loss under tow off Cape Hatteras in December 1862.

Besides the time taken for her exit passage from the James River to the Atlantic, she could well have spent some additional time in the Chesapeake.

Bob Awtrey, Fernandina Beach, FL

Information Needed...

Looking for Ideal Exercise Boat

I am getting real old. Terribly, frightfully old. Ancient. Permian type old. Cambrian, maybe. The body has commenced a curious metamorphosis of which the end result appears to be my reduction to a sack of creaking bones held together by pasty complexioned flesh, rounded out here and there with a lump of fat beneath the folds. Every morning greets me with a new displacement or extrusion of some vital part to or out of some spot unintended by nature. It's bad. I didn't think I would ever see 40. But now, 45. Unbearable.

So now the aim of all activities is to exercise my sedentary, desk-bound body in order to cling to whatever shred of health I yet retain. As part of that overall regime, the Sea Pearl must go. It's a great boat and I love it, but my maritime recreation must now take the form of rowing whenever possible. Sure, I can and do row the Sea Pearl, but it's too slow to get me across the bay and back in any sort of reasonable time.

So I am looking for a new boat. But having sat and written down my criteria, I realize that I have no idea what sort of boat I'm looking for. I thought I would forward my requirements to the *MAIB* readership and see if they have any ideas about what may be available. I hope anyone who knows what type of boat fulfills these requirements might drop me a line. Here goes:

This boat should be primarily a rowboat that may be sailed if winds are such that rowing is simply impossible. It should be a relatively fast rower (probably a sliding seat rig) that can get me across 3.5 miles of water in an hour or less. It should sail well enough to get me to an upwind destination at an equally reasonable pace.

The boat will be rowed/sailed upon relatively open water. The Great South Bay on Long Island is wide enough and deep enough to develop one hell of a chop in a stiff breeze, and from any direction. Add to that the boat will be rowed/sailed very early and late into the season, and you arrive at the need for a boat that is inherently stable and easily recovered if swamped, hopefully self draining and self bailing due to a pile of built in flotation.

The boat should be light enough to be launched from a beach, perhaps with the aid of a dolly. The boat does not have to be comfortable or pretty. It would be nice if I could get two people into it, but a solo craft is also acceptable as I don't have too much company these days.

As I write this my thoughts turn immediately to a lifeguard type dory, the ones I see on ocean beaches. Evidenced from the scuppers right at the waterline these appear to be self bailing. They are long enough to get a sliding rig into and wide enough to be stable in rough seas. They could apparently be fitted with a mast. A modern plastic reproduction of a Jersey skiff might be the thing

too, assuming it had enough flotation. Don't know how these guys row, though.

So, if any kind and knowledgeable readers have any thoughts they might wish to share I would be absolutely tickled if they would drop me a line either directly or in this venue. Thanks in advance.

Brian Salzano, 148 Southern Blvd., E. Patchogue, NY 11772

Projects...

Maine's First Ship Progress

"Where are you going to build *Virginia*?" has been one of the questions we've frequently been asked through the years. Now we have an answer. Maine's First Ship has worked out an agreement with Maine Maritime Museum in Bath to construct *Virginia* at their site on the Kennebec River, about 12 miles up river from where the original vessel was built in 1607/8. We will be able to begin when construction funds have been raised.

What the Museum location offers, in addition to easy access and suitable workspace, is a direct link to the breadth of Maine's maritime heritage. *Virginia* will be constructed at a historic shipyard where over a hundred wooden schooners were built and within sight of Bath Iron Works, a 21st century shipyard building high tech modern warships. It's a great opportunity to showcase our program to a larger number of people than we might have been able to do on our own. The Museum will benefit, too, as *Virginia* will be a "live" exhibit.

Maine's First Ship had hoped to emphasize the historic importance of *Virginia* by building the ship in Phippsburg, even at Popham, site of the 1607/8 colony. Local support was heartening. A number of Phippsburg residents were so interested in the program they offered us their properties as construction locations. We even began preliminary negotiations with two landowners, but a number of factors weighed heavily against us. Distance and accessibility were major issues and added costs of building infrastructure made it financially impracticable. The choice was prudent.

Maine's First Ship is pleased to announce that Robert Stevens of Phippsburg has been selected to be shipwright for the construction of *Virginia*. With 24 years of wooden shipbuilding experience under his belt, Stevens is perhaps best known for *Snorri*, the Viking ship replica that retraced Leif Erikson's voyage from Greenland to Newfoundland. Subsequent to that effort he completed *Dennis Sullivan*, replica of a three-masted Great Lakes schooner and two brigantines for a Los Angeles maritime organization.

Currently he is working in Rockland, completing major repairs to the Maine-built schooner, *Harvey Gamage*. In addition to his skill as a master craftsman, Rob has extensive experience with volunteers and looks forward to working with those hoping to participate in constructing *Virginia*. Welcome aboard, Rob Stevens! We are most fortunate to have you as part of our crew!

At long last! *Virginia's* design will go to the U.S. Coast Guard next month. Adapting a 17th century design concept to 21st century operational and certification require-

ments has been a real challenge. We will be seeking approval for a certificate permitting us to carry up to 35 passengers.

Maine's First Ship, The *Virginia* Project, P.O. Box 358, Phippsburg, ME 04562, (207) 389-2990, <msfl@mainsfirstship.org>

Square Sail Rig

Having converted my cat rig Nimble Bay Hen into my PMT (Poor Man's Trawler) 6hp shallow water motor cruiser, I thought it might be fun to be able to motor upwind and then silently sail downwind with a small square sail.

With this idea in mind I visited my local fabric store and bought some unshrunken cotton cloth for the sail. After sewing this to the imagined proper shape and installing brass grommets at seemingly appropriate places, I dyed it with some old stale coffee to give it an antique look. I dried it in my wife's dryer at high temperature to shrink it good.

Home Depot supplied a set of wheelbarrow handles which became the yard. It was here that I also found that a somewhat thick-walled aluminum lamp post (normally used for one of those decorative lamps in front yards) would make a good stubby mast. This mast would also fit into the existing mast tabernacle.

Since end stopper balls were too expensive, I sawed off a hunk of 4" PVC drainage pipe to make a sliding bearing for the yard. The rigging was cheap clothesline from the hardware store.

My friend, Herman Hopple, and I took her out into the Magothy River, which is just a bit north of Annapolis, for testing of this experimental square sail rig. How did it work?

The sail did work (sort of) but with no bilge boards (I had locked them up) we had little control except to sail directly with the wind (sort of like a leaf floating on the water). We also determined that the sail area of about 20sf was too small for serious sailing.

All in all it was a fun experiment. I think, however, that I will continue on as a motor cruiser. Nonetheless, there's nothing like messing about in boats!

Bill Zeitler, Wilmington, DE



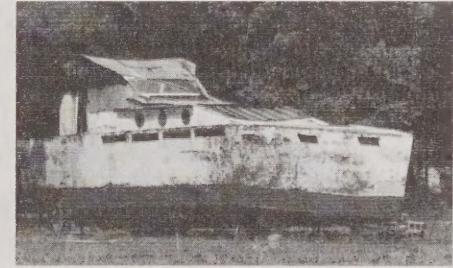
This Magazine...

Cover Girl Contest?

Re your cover girl on the May 1 issue, here is a Chesapeake Bay entry to top that. I spotted this steel hulk a couple years ago at the old Parrish Creek Boatyard off the West River in Shady Side, Maryland. The owner was forced to tow it away (no engine, but it floated) when the yard was sold to a Sea Ray dealer and all the nautical misfits and riffraff were kicked out. The guy who designed and built this thing had a hobby of welding steel and this is what happened.

Jack Sherwood, Senior Writer, *Soundings*

Editor Comments: Anyone else have a candidate for a "Cover Girl" contest? If so, I'll run them on these pages until the supply dries up, then make an "Editor's Choice" for a follow-up cover.



Luddite

In the April 15 issue you used the word "Luddite." I found the definition in a Funk & Wagnall Dictionary from 1937. I hope you find it as amusing as I did.

"Lud'dite, one of a band of rioters organized for the destruction of machinery who appeared first in Nottingham and the English Midlands districts in 1811; said to have been named after Ned Lud, an idiot who destroyed several stocking frames."

I love your magazine, although I am not a boater. I did help my dad build one of Phil Bolger's Crystal design years ago. Currently I apply my woodworking skills to making and restoring violins at a shop in Raleigh, North Carolina. I feel that boatbuilding and musical instrument making have a lot in common, just don't use epoxy on violins, and don't build boats using hot hide glue!

Charles Nelson, Raleigh, NC

Consider the leaky, patched-up hull of what obviously had been a very special schooner but was now consigned to the upper reaches of a tidal creek and not a million miles from oblivion. Enter that rare breed of person who has the vision to imagine a new life for the grand old dame, plus the sheer cussedness to make it happen.

The result, a new life for the first schooner that John Alden designed under his own name in 1911 after cutting his teeth over the drawing boards at the Boston office of B.B. Crowninshield. *Wendameen*, 67' on deck with a 17' beam and draft of 8'8", was first launched in the spring of 1912 at the Frank Adams shipyard in East Boothbay, Maine. Although graceful in appearance, the specifications for her construction involved large timbers, bolts, and nails which, together with traditional boatbuilding joinery, made her build more like a commercial boat than a yacht.

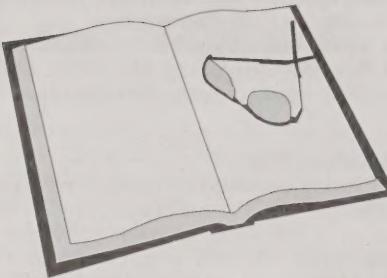
During the next 20 or so years *Wendameen*'s wealthy railroad and banking owners cruised her out of New London before selling her to new owners in the Great Lakes, where she was sailed by Milwaukee brewing magnates before they sold her to a Chicago syndicate who were on the periphery of the exciting events (not to put too fine a point on it) of the gangland and speakeasy era that was spawned by Prohibition.

During the East Coast years *Wendameen* enjoyed the attendance of such luminaries as Eugene O'Neill and Katherine Anne Porter. In Milwaukee her decks were trod by Uihleins (proprietors of the Schlitz brewery and *Wendameen*'s owners), Pabsts, and Schaffers. The Chicago days saw her in the hands of a partnership of lawyers who had a massive fist fight in one of their offices and one of whose mistresses, called Tillie Beene, danced aboard *Wendameen* with her lover.

After the stock market crash of the late 1920s, followed by the Great Depression, *Wendameen* found herself back in New York, then on to long-term repose out of the water on City Island, where she remained for the next 50 years before being relaunched, but then only to end up in a sorry state up the creek (as it were) in Connecticut while most of the spars and fittings remained in store on City Island.

That was before Captain Neal Parker came onto the scene. Having first seen and admired *Wendameen* as a teenager in 1974, he had gone on to own and/or captain an assortment of sailing yachts, including a skipjack and a Friendship sloop, before rediscovering Alden's "Design 21" in the 1980s. Applying what can be described only as a rare mixture of skill, hard work, perseverance, and self deprivation, Parker bought the deteriorating hull with full restoration in mind and got it to Camden over a period of time, partly under tow, partly with a temporary engine and jury rigged sail, and sometimes in appallingly bad weather that generated doubts as to whether she would ever make it.

Wendameen arrived in Camden more or less intact, that is to say afloat. However, in September, 1988, the sight of the mastless, patched-up, and caving-in hull aroused the indignation of the "keep our harbor pretty brigade" and the harbormaster tried to arrest the boat. The situation is well described in the Foreword, written by marine architect and shipwright Reuel Parker (no relation) who



Book Review

Wendameen

The Life of an American Schooner From 1912 to the Present

By Captain Neal Parker
(copyright)

www.schooneryacht.com

Published 2002 by Down East Books
PO Box 679, Camden, ME 04843

ISBN 0 89272 582 6

94 pp Large Softback, \$16.95

Reviewed by Frank Niering

contributed importantly to *Wendameen*'s restoration.

"Neal was a major topic of conversation in Camden. The polite opinions labeled him as an impractical dreamer. The rude opinions are not worth repeating. Virtually everyone said his project couldn't succeed. They didn't know Neal."

The "dreamer" finally was able to haul *Wendameen* high and dry at Prock Marine in Rockland with the aid of three cranes and lots of angst about the possibility of the whole thing crumbling into bits. The liftout required nine hours, followed by months of freezing work and fundraising to finance the work. In February 1989 Neal Parker ran out of money but sold his pickup truck to buy lumber to keep the project going. He traced descendants of the original *Wendameen* owners, who came up with cash contributions. And banks, initially cool to the whole project, gradually became more forthcoming with finance as the project, by then well publicized, increasingly showed signs of success. By the spring of 1990 *Wendameen* was back in business and now day charters out of Rockland (refer to www.schooneryacht.com).

The descendants and others who had sailed on *Wendameen* during her heyday also contributed stories, anecdotes, and period family photographs which, when put together with Parker's well-written and researched book, result both in an entertaining yarn and an important historical document. Not only

does Parker cover the entire life span (thus far) of John Alden's first schooner under his own name, but he successfully describes the affluent atmosphere that characterized different strata of society of the post World War I era, be it the entrenched Yankee wealth of New England or the parvenu prosperity of Milwaukee and Chicago. The text, which includes a full account of the two-year restoration, is supported by more than 150 photographs, many of them candid shots that might never have been pried loose from dusty family albums had it not been for Parker's persuasiveness.

No less important and fascinating is the book's nine-page Appendix comprising the detailed original specifications for No. 21, covering all parts of the schooner. An example: "Planksheer: White oak 2" x 8" mortised over frameheads and in not more than three pieces, with long scarphs, edge bolted, and caulked. Spiked to beams, clamp, and sheer strake with 3/8" x 4" galvanized spikes bunged." This section also includes crisp full page reproductions of the sail, lines, interior, and construction plans.

While it is two years since the book has been published, it must be said that this is no ephemeral work. It is a comprehensive history of an historically important schooner that has a permanent place on the bookshelf of anyone interested in yachting or maritime history, including the sociology of yacht ownership, boatbuilding, or model making. It is well written and benefits from the author's persistent research into his subject. It also is about the stuff of dreams. How many of us have wistfully viewed once sleek rotting hulls concealing the ghosts of past glory and romance, only to turn away after a quick glance at the bank balance, justifying our reluctance with mutterings about good money after bad. *Wendameen* is an account of one who didn't turn away and, as such, is as much a story of impressive human endeavour as it is a valuable work of history.

Postscript: The saga of *Wendameen* revives in this reviewer memories of his ownership in Boston and Quincy, for a short period of time around 1960, of a John Alden schooner called *Cione*. This is (yes is) a clipper bowed boat about 50' long. In the early 1960s John Alden confirmed to the reviewer in a shakily handwritten letter from his retirement home in Florida that he recalled having "drawn" *Cione* around 1906 while he was with B.B. Crowninshield. Built for arctic research, *Cione* (the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary defines the "Clio," don't know what happened to the "ne," as "a genus of petropods found in the arctic seas") was designed with a centreboard and built by Hodgedon Brothers of Boothbay, Maine.

The 1938 hurricane did for the centreboard and much else aboard *Cione*, but by the 1960s the hand carved clione bug, presumably (hopefully?) original, still had pride of place as figurehead. Now just two years short of the 100-year-old mark, *Cione* has had a lot of rebuilding, including installation of an iron keel ca. 1938, but retains her graceful form, particularly as the current owner installed topmasts that have dramatically increased the sail area. Word is, however, that *Cione* is less active in the charter business in Key West than she was and perhaps could use the Parker touch to see her right for the next 100 years. Over to you, Captain Neal!

Returning from a friend's memorial service yesterday afternoon, the Captain and I noticed a wavering eddy of fog-like material out across the marshes on the Rowley side of Eagle Creek. "Damn fools have let a brush fire get out of hand," was my first thought. I tried and rejected several reasons for the phenomenon. The most persistent kept cropping up, sea smoke.

I've written about sea smoke in the past, it's the sublimation of water in its liquid state into the gaseous state. It occurs in the Arctic regions and here along the northern New England coasts during particularly frigid weather. Yesterday was a balmy 70 degrees with a cool offshore breeze so there was no way this could be sea smoke. Looking to the starboard side of the car we could see the sand dunes along the back side of the Ipswich River where it joins Fox Creek. The thin white veil rising off the surface of the water obscured the view. The scene was most unusual, and picturesque, as the returning marsh birds flew between the mists and us. A great blue heron, trailed by a flock of lesser white herons, made us feel like we were participating in a National Geographic special.

The picturesque scene aside, we were both trying to figure out the what and why of the smoky evidence. The view expanded to encompass the whole of Ipswich Bay and Plum Island Sound as we crested Plover Hill. Stopping to take in the scene is a habit which never seems out of place. It is always a new scene, worthy of a few moment's respect and reflection. Yesterday's scenic variation was no disappointment, it showed the mists rising up like steam from an overworked race horse's flanks. Instead of heaving horseflesh,



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Burning Sands of Spring

April 27, 2004

the steam rose from mounded sand bars and long, lean stretches of beach exposed to the strengthening spring sunshine. We actually DID have SEA SMOKE!

Well, perhaps a better term would be, Sand Smoke. The sunlight warmed the emerging sand as the tide fell, and the outer ocean was still cold enough to effect the air temperature. The same balance of warmth and cold was occurring as on the most bitter January day last winter. The extreme difference in temperature is not necessary, but the balance of disparity between the two temperatures IS needed to get the moisture to change in this particular pattern. Sea smoke is NOT ordinary fog, it comes from frigid air masses sucking the water vapor off the top most layer of a warmer ocean, changing it into a smaller, drier particle than fog droplets. What we were observing seemed to be the same sort of action without the frigid winter conditions. NOAA may not agree with my nomenclature, but it seems to be as good as any description I could find when looking online. For me it will remain "sand smoke."

The thoughts of warmer days to come inspired by the unseasonable sand smoke pushed me to finish cleaning the workshop. If the Captain couldn't varnish the spars, he couldn't take me out to investigate the phenomenon. By the end of the day steam was rising off this overworked crew and the burning sands of spring were drowned in the rising tide.

Life here is filled with new and unusual sights, sand smoke is yet another fascinating page in the drama of coastal living.

Poetry Corner...

Hurricane

By Bunny Fernald

I heard my neighbor say by the rail
where he stood,
"It's an ill wind that doesn't blow somebody
some good."

We watched as wind and waves pounded boats against the shore.
Some would be repaired and some would sail no more.

My friend owned the boat yard just across the way.
Now there were boats to repair and he could collect much pay.

My boat came slowly dragging it's mooring under the span.
I was lowered by rope not sure just where I'd land.

My feet soon touched a seat
I was quite proud of my feat.

The big engine fired up with a roar
and I steered away from dangerous shore.
Later I ferried many boat owners around
Hoping that their boats could be found.

Some were safe, high and dry up on the marsh.
Others against the shore where the rocks were harsh.

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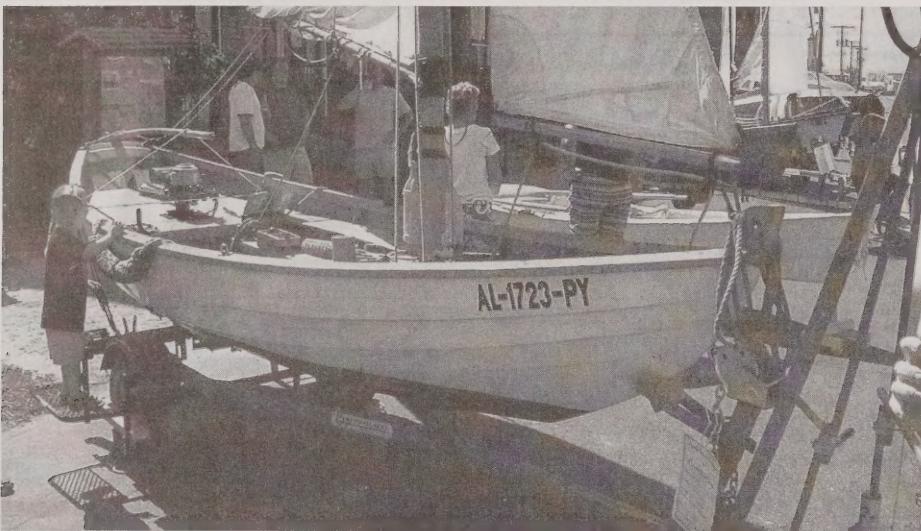
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Apalachicola Boat Show

By Robb White

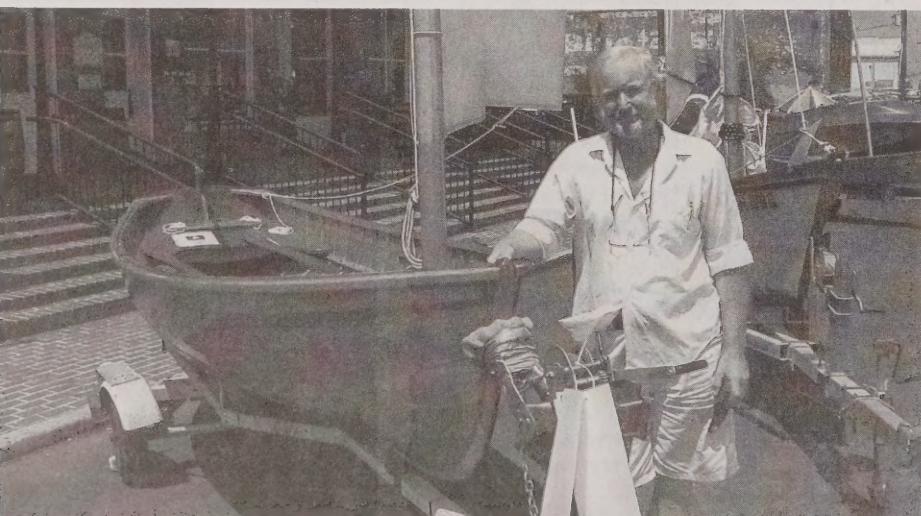


The old Sharpie on trailer: That's how you tell the real thing, when they are taking notes, you know they ain't just touroids (might be judges).



The Swampscoot Dory: It is a nice man who thinks to fix a little homemade step so that a child can look inside the boat and see all that homemade stuff. I could tell that little boy was infected with a lifelong malady right there in Apalachicola.

The varnished little boat: This is a beautifully built Joel White Catspaw. That's the builder right there. He built it for a woman up in Wisconsin. He said that he kept up with his time and he made 30 cents an hour on the job, then the woman moved down here. He had to stay in Wisconsin with his family and his job building pipe organs, but he comes to the Apalachicola show every year to look at his boat. I know exactly how he feels.



I am going to condense this as much as I can. It was a much bigger deal this year down in Apalach. There were many more boats, many more people and many more subscribers to this magazine. Jane and I took the little gray sport boat copy, and while I was taking the straps off of it a man came up and introduced himself... Kilburn Adams, for crying out loud. I have always admired how he does the walk-through house on his boats, starting with that little Sturdee dory that was on the cover of the magazine a few years ago and, now, his "Skiff America" (plans available).

I had to avert my eyes from all the other wonderful boats while I went down there to watch him take the canvas cover off the house on *Meandher* so I could see how he had it rigged because I plan to copy it on old *Rescue Minor*. It was a slick rig. The front door works just like drop boards in the companionway of a sailboat. The fabric cover fits over low coamings on the roof and snaps down all around. There are PVC pipe bows sprung between little buttons on the inside of the coamings and short sections of PVC fit into "t's" in the middle of each bow to keep them spaced out straight. I believe it is a seaworthy rig. A man of simple tastes could live on that little boat. Hell, me and her certainly could.

As soon as I finished staggering around *Meandher*, I realized that I was looking at my own reflection in the amazing varnish job on one of those "Handy Billy" efficient launches like Harry Bryan had on the cover of *WoodenBoat* a few years ago. Wow, I had never seen one before and this one was stupefying. I even knew the owner, Larry Kolk, who visited my sawmill one time. He told me he was looking for one of those boats and I had to tell him that I couldn't build him one right then because I was tangled up with that book project, so damned if he didn't go to Washington State and get the boat. He did a lot of the fine detail work on it and must be a real ace at fine woodworking, metal working, and varnish. The boat is a showpiece (and, incidentally, won "Best in Show").

Photographs never do a boat justice, that's why I go see boats in person all I can. Both Larry's boat (he does not like the name "Handy Billy") and Kilburn's are about the same size as *Rescue Minor* and both run a 25hp 4-stroke outboard. You know that fits right in with my notions of a proper power boat.

It is hard for an excitable person like me not to get overstimulated at such an event. I knew most of the people who had boats there and wanted to meet them all and examine their boats. Right beside the little sport boat was my friend Turner Matthews with his immaculate Penobscot 17 (won "Best Sailboat in the Show"). He had both of Stuart Hopkins' (Dabbler Sails...my sailmaker) beautifully setting lug sails hauled up and the breeze was just right to hold close hauled on the trailer. That's the first time I have seen that "Egyptian Dacron" sailcloth which is colored just about like old Egyptian cotton.

It was easy to do a comparison because right next to it was a two-masted, workboat style, cypress sharpie that some generous people had hauled from way down below Tampa Bay just so folks could take a look at the real thing. It had a certain old familiar smell to it, and while I was sniffing around I noticed that the sails were cotton and...it was the only boat in the show with bottom paint on it and it hadn't been out of the water long enough to dry out. Ain't no smell like that combination...cotton sails and old boat bottom to make a man feel like a real person again. The only thing that would have enhanced it would have been about a ton of oysters either side of the centerboard trunk. It is good to know that there are still some real people down there in south Florida amongst all them coffin piles.

Just down from that was my old buddy Bill Lankford from Alabama with his all homemade Swampscott dory. I have mentioned it before. When I say all homemade, I mean exactly that. He made everything on the boat...all the blocks, fittings, sails...even the British Seagull for auxiliary power. He was sitting in his chair doing a little bo'sun work on a homemade fire extinguisher. I asked him if he made that string. "Certainly," he replied. The boat and that man and his wife Helen are the children's favorite. He is kind of comical and appreciates childish humor...read my book.

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He said that he told his four-year-old grandson about it and explained that there were children in the book that were just about like naked savages. "Naked savage," murmured the child several times just to get the proper intonation...then he tuned up for real and ain't stopped since. This man is a straight up amateur with no boatbuilding training whatsoever, but he can build a mighty nice Swampscott dory (a hard boat to build) and is currently working on a Joel White/Herreshoff Haven 12-1/2 (a real hard boat to build). He already has it all framed up. He'll probably smelt the lead for the keel from raw ore.

There were so many boats at the show that I didn't get around to looking at all of them. You know I am a close observer of intricate detail and it takes me 15 minutes to get from my car to the post office if there are any insects or birds or squirrels doing anything. I saw a lot of boats and a world of people, but most of it went by like I was in a daze and only a little bit stuck with me. Oh well...now I am getting ready to go to Cedar Key.

I took a bunch of pictures, but like I said, a picture doesn't do a boat justice, particu-

larly when it is crowded in amongst a bunch of other boats and sitting on a trailer, so I just picked the ones that show what it was like. If you want to see more, you need to come to Apalach the last Saturday in April next year. It is a good little show and a pretty little town in real beautiful country and it still only costs \$15 to enter a boat.



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Nicola Dixon, Maritime Artist

Although she may regret it now, my wife gave me a book for Christmas, 2002. It was called *Frugal Yachting*, family adventuring in small sailboats by Larry Brown. The emphasis is on small.

Later that spring I bought a Sunfish, which is a small sailboat with just enough of a cockpit well in which to put the lower part of my legs. My then 19-year-old son Ryan and I had a blast with it. It was new and on a trailer. We sailed it wherever we went camping and once hauled it all the way to Burlington, Vermont, from Chester, about 110 miles and sailed it (in a dead calm) on Lake Champlain. The hull was white and the sail was red and blue. It looked real good. When I later advertised it for sale the ad read, "love the boat but the wife hates it. It wasn't a good boat for the little ones." Hence the book, *Frugal Yachting*.

Lisa, my wife, resented being a beach widow. Although she is a good sport, she isn't particularly fond of boats and did not like being left behind watching kids. Her vision and mine about camping are different. She likes to go camping to be in the woods or at the beach. My vision of camping is to get somewhere beautiful and have a base for support for being on the water, sailing if possible, kayaking or canoeing at least.

We didn't own large boats when I was a kid. My dad had a 36' Tancook schooner built in 1946 after the war. His dream was to sail it around the world. He met my mom, she wanted a house instead. They sold the boat and were married (lucky for us kids). My parents did manage to spend their honeymoon on the boat in Nova Scotia and Maine.

My dad did own a couple of canoes. One was an early 18' aluminum boat made by Grumman. I must have been about three and remember going to pick it up at the factory. Dad had invited a friend and his son my age along. It must have been a long drive. My little friend Miles had a voice that irritated adults. To our confusion, we could not understand why they were getting so irritated when we screamed and yelled. Later, I recall actually picking the boat out at the warehouse. The other canoe was a 1930s 18' canvas (green) covered Old Town, complete with seats my mom had lovingly re-caned. Strangely, this boat was to be instrumental in my first sailing experiences.

My dad is a mechanical engineer. During the '60s he was heavily involved in Apollo and other exotic science and engineering. We learned as kids that he might fix your bike, but if you didn't want a lecture in advanced orbital mechanics, my mom was a surer bet for quick repairs. Anyhow, he designed hydrofoils for the boat that were a little like airplane wings. Somewhere he found a beautiful wooden rudder and a lateen rigged sail. This was really old stuff, wooden masts and spars, canvas sail, etc.

The hydrofoil wings were set up in a steep V (dihedral) that worked as the boat heeled, the downwind wing lifted more as the opposing wing raised out of the water. I must have been about six or eight and do not remember every detail, but I do recall that it worked. Dad took me and the boat sailing for a couple of days on Lake Champlain where we sailed and camped where wind and whimsy took us.

I got my love of boats and sailing from my Dad. Whenever there was anything go-

Spirit

By Richard Crocker



ing on in the family to do with boats or water, I was there. We ran every river with rapids in southern Vermont and quite a few in neighboring states. If there was a chance to be invited on anybody's larger boat, I was there, too. I recall fishing off of Cape Cod and other short cruises in my childhood. Once he rented a 15' open sailboat and we sailed/camped most of Lake Champlain. Other times we chartered a 24' or so sloop and sailed the lake for a week.

I think that the desire to boat has been in me since then. It was not always acted on, as practical things such as raising a family, jobs, and the not inconsiderable inconvenience of geography got in the way. I have lived mostly in southern Vermont. We are about 100 miles from any large body of water. Nevertheless, any time a boating opportunity came along, such as canoeing, I took it. That desire to boat has been like an itch that wasn't quite bad enough to scratch, but it felt sooo good when I did. I think my dad had the itch like that, too.

Not every one has the itch like that. My wife, Lisa, can do without boating and have no misgivings whatsoever. She doesn't quite get it about boating. That became clear to me when she asked me, "What do you do out there all day?" Friends, too, have had trouble understanding the need to get up early or endure hardship to go boating. I don't think there is anything wrong with these people, they just don't have the same cogs in their head that I do.

Occasionally I run into someone who has not activated their itch yet. My son Ryan got introduced to sailing with the Sunfish. He will go any time that I ask. I'll talk more about him later. Sometimes I have had friends who I get out on a boat and we're off and running. They have caught the itch, too.

On page 96 of *Frugal Yachting* is a picture of a 15' West Wight Potter. It was love at first sight. I could tell from the photo the boat was tiny. In all other respects it looked seaworthy and perfect for what I wanted. I found Potter resources on the internet and, through searches, found a boat a little north of here in Norwich, Vermont. The whole family went in the van to see the fun. Lisa, my wife, Hannah, who was six, Emily, four, and

Sam, one. Ryan went, too, he is usually away at college now and was 19. It was January and we had been having a lot of snow. The boat was about 50 yards up in a field covered with a blue plastic tarp. Dan, the owner, had packed a trail out up to the boat. In spite of the trail, the snow was still quite deep. In my first view of the boat it was higher than me and bow on. Boy, it looked nice! We all managed to get up and look it over even though the snow was so deep.

One thing about Potter owners I had noticed was that they don't like the idea of selling. This owner was really reluctant. It almost seemed like I would be doing him a favor if I didn't buy it. However, over the next weeks we worked out a deal as long as I could leave it there until spring.

How frustrating to own a boat that is 75 miles away and I could not bring it home yet! I made two trips in March to pick it up but the snow was still too deep there. Finally in early April I managed to get it home. I had, however, been able to read more about the boat and buy a few simple pieces of gear for it in the meantime. I also attended to insurance, registration, and some other details.

Now I had a 15' sailboat on my southern Vermont lawn, a boat whose sister boats had sailed to England and Hawaii. I had no intentions of going so far. On my office wall I had hung charts of Lake Champlain and was planning a trip there.

I mentioned to Hannah and Emily that people who bought a boat had a chance to name it. We did not like the name the previous owner had used. Various names were mentioned and kicked around. Have you ever noticed how sometimes the answer comes along that is just right and fits almost like magic? They came up with the name *Spirit*. Their *Spirit* is a horse in a cartoon, but the name resonated with my hopes and vision for the boat. So the *Spirit* it is. I am glad I asked the girls.

The seller, Dan, had made me promise that the first time I sailed the boat he would come along. We got rained out a couple of times and finally managed to get an afternoon on Lake Sunapee in New Hampshire. Dan led me through the rigging experience. A nice thing about the Potter 15 is that it can be rigged while on the trailer. I have gotten it down to about 30 minutes. He was able to show me some tricks that make set-up and take-down quicker. I was glad that he was there, I'd rather be sailing than fooling with the rigging. Dan and I spent an enjoyable afternoon on the water. He showed me some things peculiar to the boat and we practiced such things as laying, too.

Later, Ryan and I planned a trip to Lake Champlain. I got a couple of days off and Ryan worked out his schedule so in all we ended up having three nights. Now it's a lot of work to get an overnight trip together, not to mention several nights. I went to the camping section at Wal-Mart and bought things like a mess kit, propane stove, and a very small lantern. I went to the Ship Store on the internet and bought high quality life jackets, battery running lights, a horn, and a collapsible paddle that works nicely on a boat of limited storage area. I also went to WWP and bought their portable toilet which fits into a socket in the deck of the cabin.

I got the whole mess home and spread out on the lawn around the boat and packed

it all carefully away so that things could be reached as needed. I thought Ryan would help a lot at this point. Well, eventually I got it all packed, the boat clean and provisioned, and hauled the whole business up to Lake Champlain. We launched at Kil-Kare State Park in Saint Albans. They were nice enough to let us leave the truck and trailer there where I could be sure that it was looked after.

Offshore, the state of Vermont owns four islands. There is a ferry to one and it has a campground. The other three islands can be camped on and step down from there in amenities, some have sites while other islands can only be camped on if you don't leave a trace. Our first night on the lake we spent at Knights Island, which is just off of the Hero islands and City Bay. We found out that we had brought too much stuff. When one sleeps on a 15' WWP you take everything out of the cabin and put it in the cockpit. It seemed to me that if I brought less stuff or packed it better there would be a lot less shuffling. I am putting some thought into this.

Lake Champlain was a sea many million years ago. It's comprised of about 450 square miles of water and who knows how many square miles of damp ground. There is just about every kind of shore, cliffs, mountains, deltas, swamps, beaches. There are hundreds of islands, all kinds of channels, and large open areas. The upper half of the lake is divided by some large islands, Grand Isle, South Hero, North Hero, and Isle La Mott. The lake reaches a short way into Canada and drains out the Richelieu River into the Saint Lawrence River. The lake is bounded by New York State to the west and Vermont to the east. Southerly there is a canal from the lake to the Hudson River. In a few days of sailing it is not possible to see it all.

The shores of the lake are commonly comprised of sedimentary rock (from the old sea) and a little searching usually turns up a fossil or two. When I think of the lake, I vision a rocky shore with white cedars arching out over the water. Lots of history for this country happened around and on this lake. Early settling, mineral, and logging exploitation. Of course, the lake was handy for transporting these goods. There were battles near and on the lake in the French and Indian Wars, the Revolutionary War, and War of 1812. All around the lake are historical sites and museums that tell of this.

One still visible feature of old history is the railroad causeways. There was a railroad that went from Colchester, Vermont, up through the islands to Canada. The roadbed, in some cases, was built in shallow water, sometimes for miles. The fill was giant marble blocks that still show white today. These causeways are features that still effect navigation. Most of them have at least one way through for boats.

Well, we got up on our first day. The cooking gear worked well and we could eat! Now the question became, where to? It was extremely hot that day and little wind. The weather report said 94 degrees in Burlington. We raised sails and headed for the main lake sailing through the draw bridge in the gut with a little wind.

I don't remember this from the time spent on the lake as a kid, but there is a rookery island that has blue herons, cormorants, and all kinds of gulls nesting on it. Boy, was it noisy! Also, you can guess what it smelled

like when we got downwind.

It was hot, hot, hot. The wind died and we fired up the 2hp Mercury and puttered down to Crab Island which has a war monument on it. We ate dinner there and it was so hot and calm we decided to motor over to Velour Island to get some air moving over us and spent the night there.

The next morning we got up to an orange sun and got underway north. The wind picked up steadily all day much to our joy. I had not experienced reefing the boat yet and put it off for too long. My rule of thumb now is if I am wondering about reefing, then it is time to.

We were trying to get through one of the causeway openings into a place called Carry Bay. There were about 3' seas and a strong wind. We should have been reefed long before. Ryan was at the tiller trying to keep the boat on a beam reach. I guess I thought I was captain or something (my boat, I had sailed before, etc.) because I was trying to instruct him how to sail through this opening.

If you have never been on a sailboat on rough water with the wind roaring it is hard to imagine how noisy it is. Also, in a boat as small as we were on (15') there is a lot of motion. The wind is whistling in the rigging and a lot can happen quickly. We are small and low in the water, too, it is hard to see the water far ahead.

Well, Ryan decided to sail through the opening his own way! Next thing I know the sails are flapping, the mainsheet and one of the jib sheets have escaped and are blowing horizontally downwind. The opening is about 80' wide and looking kind of small now. I remember noticing that the two abutments were about 10' tall of nicely laid marble and we were approaching one of them from upwind. To make matters worse, there was a current coming out of the opening against the wind and if any thing the waves were bigger, 4' white horses with manes. Something I had not heard before, the waves and current were making a hissing sound.

Out of control, sails thundering, sheets blowing horizontal, and the boat blowing onto a lee shore. Well, we put the tiller down and skimmed through the causeway opening, surprising a fisherman tucked under the lee of the abutment in a skiff. It was suddenly calm and dead quiet inside the bay. Next thing I know Ryan yells and something (the boom, I thought) hits me in the back. I looked at my son and realized he was exhilarated. Well, I was having some feelings, too, although I wouldn't have called them exhilaration.

Ironically the incident increased my trust in the boat. It floated like a cork and basically handled well. We learned to reef early enough and had no further troubles. Reflecting on the incident later, I turned to my son and told him, "you know, you don't take orders worth a damn." We talked about that a little...and I let go a little. We sailed 26 miles that day. Try that in a light 15' pocket cruiser. The next day I felt like I had been in a fight. Small boat sailing is a lot of work. I wouldn't be anywhere else.

Later in the summer I took *Spirit* on our camping trips. We pulled the camper with my truck and my wife pulled the boat with the van. One of the places that we go is northwestern Maine to a lake called Lake Richardson. We stay at a campground called South Arm. The lake shore on the southern

end of the lake is owned by a land company that rents a few parcels for camps, including the campground. In the latter half of the 1800s there were some glamorous camps of wealthy Bostonians with steam launches and ferries. Most of that is gone and the 16-mile length of lake has few camps and, since access is tough, few people.

All around the lake are remnants of the old logging industry that once thrived in the area. Apparently there were log drives from the series of lakes in the area down to mills on the Androscoggin River. Lake Richardson has an old dam and spillway that could still accept logs boomed together on the lake and shoot them down the rapid river to Lake Umbagog. Water is let out of the lake in periods of low flow to provide rapids for rafters. This is the best time to find old logging remains and such. We found large iron rings attached to eyebolts on a rocky Island used to hold a log boom. We also found gull nests and eggs there. A little poking around in the brush revealed old steam winches and other items.

Somewhat low water is also the best boating, in my opinion. It reveals miles of sand beaches without a human footprint. We have spent hours eating picnics and swimming and watching the loons and eagles. This was also my daughters' (ages four and six) first experience on the *Spirit*. They did not like sailing much. "Dad can you not tip the boat" (it's a sailboat, right?).

Well, we did find some things they liked. The spot where the perch bit on every cast and the other spot where bigger fish bit every other cast. We did a couple of overnighters, too. One of the landmarks of that was showing the 6-year-old how to find the North Star with the Big Dipper, and she got it! In a six-mile diameter of lake after 11:00 there was not one light to be seen. I love that country! During the course of the summer, there were several more smaller outings. Nothing too exciting, but still worth it.

I have hopes for this summer. At one point we were going to do a trip to Nantucket. I called my friend Gerry (he's got the itch) for advice as he owns property in that area and grew up sailing there. Interest and time have both waned and it looks like good old Lake Champlain again. Of course, punctuated with other trips, we will go back to South Arm.

I will rethink the gear in the boat. Of course, in a 15' boat the gear is pretty basic anyway. Maybe we could leave the cooler behind? Pack fewer clothes. Store things in different containers etc. It would be nice not to have to shift things to the cockpit to sleep. A boom tent of some basic kind would be nice. A larger motor, maybe 4hp? In hot weather, some kind of flow-through venting for the cabin would be nice. How about a light air overlapping jib? I may even do some of these things.

My children have been talking about sailing. Who knows, one of them may develop the itch to sail. I think Ryan has it now. As I write this in late April, the snow has started to disappear and I went out to the *Spirit* (on the lawn still), pulled the blue tarp aside, and sat in the cockpit. The boat needs a good cleaning and the woodwork needs touch-up (all three pieces). I started to think about what I wanted to do to the boat and realized I'd gotten the itch to go sailing again.

February 12 Thursday: Put things away and straightened up, an old friend calls this activity "hamstringing" when he does it, raised sail, and scratched out of the shallow anchorage trailing a plume of marl. Light winds and fairly hot, lots of swimming this morning, backstroke ahead of the advancing stem during the periodic near-calms. Steered around a big shoal called the First National Bank, cleared this and picked up a breeze at the same time, an easy reaching wind for Flamingo, a National Park visitor's center.

Got in there midafternoon and pounced upon some very welcome supplies and ice. Great facilities and exhibits and the marina store was surprisingly well-stocked. It is so very odd to look at crowds of tourists after days of solitude and I enjoyed chatting with some of them. Being away from humanity in general increases my perception of the essential qualities of each individual and increases appreciation of the female gender all the more.

Tacked out of the boat basin late afternoon eating potato chips, the entire bag. A big schooner, *Windfall*, came out with a load of sightseers and spread her canvas. My favorite boat at the marina, I suppose one would call it a launch, painted beautiful colors and crewed by a pair of friendly Californians, putt-putted alongside and offered to send pictures they had taken. The trip's best sunset came and went. That was about it for sailing, though. Darkness, dead calm, and Satan's own cloud of mosquitoes descended in arms. There was suffering and much rowing. There were supplications to heaven for wind and a tide change.

By and by both came along, the mosquitoes lessening gradually. Steered by Venus until she sank into the Gulf and the calm returned. Rowed 200 last strokes, sailed a puff, rowed 100 more, and put down the hooks in the vicinity of the Middle Ground shoal.

February 13 Friday: That was certainly a fiasco last night, burning up energy flailing around instead of calmly putting up the mosquito net and going to sleep. These mosqui-

Winter Cruise 2004

Part 2

By Walt Donaldson

toes were stronger than my equanimity and I resolved to find a better way of dealing with them. Took advantage of the easterly morning breeze and favorable tide, setting sail around sunrise. A pretty morning, light conditions, and so was soon periodically swimming, alternate with reading, sailing along the contour of the Cape Sable beaches.

Around noon a set of tanbark sails appeared, shimmering in a mirage, beating upwind. This was practically the first sailboat seen sailing, nearly all are sitting still or motoring, breeze or not. Our courses converged and she was the longest of the Drascombe series, a 25-footer named *Mag*, engineless. I counted four aboard and the fun-looking skipper said that they were going to pick up one more! They were out of Everglades City and Key West bound. Spirits buoyed by this exhibit of good spirit and fellowship (to hear them chatter away among themselves was delightful), continued up the coast, powered up now and broad-reaching.

The breeze failed late afternoon in the tide-refracted chop and river water of Ponce de Leon Bay but filled back in enough to make the Wilderness Waterway markers to Broad River by sunset. Careful of mosquitoes (calm again), anchored well offshore and wasn't tormented unduly. Slept somewhat restlessly listening to a complex of nocturnal sounds, those of the boat rolling around plus a knocking or clicking one and a peculiar, bubbling respiration, not porpoise-like.

February 14 Saturday: Ha, the bubbly sea-breather is a big turtle. Didn't know they hung around in one place like that. Fair breeze at first light and so got going for Pavilion Key. The breeze increased steadily from the southwest and west until white horses appeared on the green water by early afternoon. Control began to slip away...offshore a bit now, the rolling wind chop was gaining in size. A 10- or 15-degree angle to the wave faces (thanks, Moitessier) was the only course that still felt solid. Anything lower risked jibing and coming up into it courted broaching, the latter nearly happening several times as I attempted to leave the helm to get the chart, stashed under a bunk amidships. I wrapped the rubber sling of the pole spear around the tiller and tried to use that as a long extension but it was too flexible. I was finally able to lash the tiller and dash forward during a lull. This took nearly an hour to accomplish. Note to self, keep chart in stern compartment.

Fortunately this course converged with the shoreline (a very loose term here in the Ten Thousand Islands) at a gradually shelving tongue of moderate depths that rounded behind several small keys. This small group and Pavilion Key itself encircled what might perhaps be called a bight or shallow interior lagoon. In any case it was beautifully calm in there and, as it turned out, with good holding ground for anchors in sticky sand. The wind continued rip-snorting for the rest of the day, veering slowly clockwise as northerns do. Took a sunshower and put on warm clean clothes, glad to be out of the tempest.

February 15 Sunday: A shower overnight has left the decks clean and fresh, feels good

barefoot. Everything had gotten briny out in the Hawk Channel offshore of the Keys. Skipped breakfast and fussed around doing chores, marveling at the motivative and clarifying powers of cold, brisk sea air on an empty stomach. After lunch, I almost wished I hadn't eaten...the keen edge disappeared. Though the front was blustering outside it was calm there in the bight, so I sailed over to the campsites on Pavilion and went for a long walk. Now marveling at the effects of exercise (I am easily entertained), read a bunch and caught up in the log.

February 16 Monday: Woke up aground in a place that had not been that shallow thus far, giving rise to the thought that should the norther abate, this augmented (by the wind) low tide would eventually result in a strong inland flow, a "rebound" effect. The morning breeze seemed to be clocking east of north so I plucked the hooks and sailed, rounding Pavilion Key on the Gulf side and wistfully eyeing Little Pavilion along the way. I had noted its desolation and intriguing offshore position on the way south, and Rob Storter's book *Crackers in the Glade* mentions it several times as a camp for clam diggers and, quite naturally, crackers. Such a funny thing to call one's fellow human beings.

It looks to be the least buggy (no vegetation) "dry" land in all the Ten Thousands, bringing to mind a beloved camping anchorage back home near St. Marks, Q-Tower Reef. It would have been fun to spend at least one night on land. On Pavilion Key proper, the point nearest this place is covered in clam and whelk shells with an ancient brown patina. No fresh ones are in evidence. An oyster reef is beginning to form atop them.

Though I expected a bit of a bash, the breeze had just enough east in it to allow a perfect close reach straight up the coast. Threaded a narrow mangrove channel behind Kingston's Key to gain the Indian Key channel, then started working to weather, bound for Everglades City, a promising supply point. The incoming tide assisted beyond my wildest expectations. I was amazed and happy to be proceeding directly upwind to a destination so far and away up a narrow twisting channel.

Arrived at the Park visitor's center at midday and anchored with the bow ashore, a narrow triangle of land at the intersection of two seawalls. The long reach of freshly mown grass, the palms, and the shady gumbo-limbo trees were pleasing in their contrast to the mangrove islands of the past several days, as were the throngs, this is a departure point for boat tours. Passing tour boats have a peculiar smell, a mixture of diesel exhaust, cigarette smoke, and underarm deodorant.

Walked to town and tracked down the elusive grocery store. It was on a side street and didn't have a sign at all or a name. But it had decent groceries and soon I was walking back, backpack stuffed, eating a coconut popsicle, and yakking on the phone. All being well back home and with friends in Bradenton, the latter standing by in case of need, squirrelled things away with a light heart. One more stop right across the street for ice and mangos and pushed off, barely. The tide had nearly stranded me and it would have served me right, I was standing there watching it slowly happen, chatting with some tourists. By the way, four young women in bikinis were lying in the grass just a few



steps away, which goes to show you what kind of a day I was having.

As if by a miracle, though it wasn't really except for the luck with the timing, the tide was again fair for going through the channel. Rowed a good bit in the wind shadows along the way, not wanting to let the ebb all go by before getting back out. Picked up another close-reaching breeze at the entrance and turned up the coast, anchoring at Camp Lulu Key near the spot of my first night in the Park. What a day!

February 17 Tuesday: Sprinkle of rain this morning and a double rainbow, more north winds predicted. Poor conditions for rounding Cape Romano but thought I would sail upwind to a small island in a strategic position just before that, Coon Key. The breeze was strong but slanted offshore enough to provide a lee. Nearing my destination it picked up substantially and I found myself in somewhat of a box. Romano lay to port (too rough now certainly), an inside channel bypassing Romano was straight ahead and dead upwind, and the long way around lay to starboard (via Goodland and Big Marco River). Behind, of course, were the Park's northern islands.

Well, I probably should have gone back to the islands. Decided to go straight ahead, clawing upwind through a wind funnel between mangrove islands, now something like northwest 20-25 knots. Nearing Marco, sailing in showers and powerful gusts, took a wrong (right?) turn and found myself in a sheltered basin with a marked channel running along its far side. It had one good sharpie anchorage in 2' depths, the rest (except for the marked channel) was mostly dry at low tide. I could hear the surf breaking in the Gulf. Liking this spot, I anchored and put up the awning, relieved to be out of the rain.

February 18 Wednesday: Forecast poor for going out, north winds 20-25 knots, and so they were. Went out and scouted the channel mid-afternoon. Took forever to tie in a reef but am glad that I did. The outlet to the Gulf here is Caxambas Pass and breakers were roaring over the bar. Posted signs stated that the "channel" had a controlling depth of 18" at mean low water. The markers were on the windward side of this mess, guarded by great hulking condominiums, 30 stories at least. The wind around these things was torn into violent bursts, seemingly sent from half the compass and more.

By appearances a second channel poured through the central portion of the shoal (there was a place not breaking so much) and a third possible route lay back to the south, right along the shore. Exploring the latter I nearly crashed into the mangroves of the point there and had to jump out. Was prepared though, thinking that I might possibly get around Marco today, I had put on a wetsuit and booties in case of a disaster crossing the bar. Pushed out of this peril and returned to the anchorage, taking a different return route. To my great surprise, the channel along the far side of the Snook Hole (the name of the basin, learned from the chart) branched into yet another outlet to the Gulf. I had been anchored the night before less than 100 yards from it. Consulted the chart again, hoping to avoid Caxambas bar, but this channel only led back to the vicinity of the "box" described earlier.

February 19 Thursday: Woke to more moderate N to NE winds. A pink flamingo

flew by. Took this as an omen and so shook out the reef and got underway around sunrise, the tide low but running in fast. Using eddies and so forth, tacked up to the entrance. The condos were still fouling the breeze so gave up hope for the marked channel in the strong tide. Made a final tack scanning the secondary channel through binoculars. Visibility was perfect with the sun rising behind. Got into the best position that I could, then squared away and broad-reached out into it, chattering over the tide-rip. The main bar was about a quarter mile out, breaking in small surf. Picked the deepest-looking place and punched through. It was about 18" deep over hard sand.

Once out there, the elation of being over the bar subsided quickly. The seas were still substantial from yesterday's blow or, to put it more plainly, it was rough! The pitching and banging, as well as a tiny tickle of incipient seasickness, drove my spirits to the lowest point of the trip. At the time there seemed nothing better to do than keep slogging ahead. And so it went, hour after hour, the wind increasingly contrary and light until blowing only 5 to 10 knots from the northwest, my course. I felt locked into some sort of savage vortex.

I sailed on grimly, west and (horrors) south of west, finally changing tacks about ten miles offshore. In the current wind and sea conditions the best heading was back toward Naples, not many miles up the coast from Marco and not satisfying after so much sailing. But things slowly improved after this, culminating with an unforgettable experience early that evening.

As I beat upwind toward Naples the wind gradually picked up and backed around to the west. This in itself lifted my spirits. I much prefer a breeze from seaward as opposed to one blowing across land. Eventually this shift enabled sailing one point free and so I was able to raise the jib, which heeled the boat and finally put a stop to the pounding. Moving much faster now, sailed the rest of the day away, my course leading miles beyond Naples, converging with the coast at Wiggins Pass, a very minor inlet. Though I wouldn't get there before dark, I thought to sail up near the entrance, at least, to see if I could somehow sneak in. The only other options were to run into Naples (never, back toward Marco) or pull an all-nighter, which was not overly unappealing in my still-agitated state of mind. I thought it might burn out the frustration.

Arrived at the marker about an hour after sunset, grateful to find it lit and blinking white, but there were no other lighted markers. Getting a sense of the opening was difficult, couldn't tell how far away it was. Made a tack or two, slowly finding the resolve to sail on. By this time, today's 12 hours or so at the helm had made sailing all night not so attractive. I was unusually deep in thought, musing upon a passage once read in the Bible, of all things, while in a waiting room. I don't own a Bible, or attend a church, but was very taken by Jesus' last words, "God, why hast thou forsaken me?" My apologies to Christian readers if I have misquoted Him.

Now, it would make for a better story if I was being crucified at the time that I was thinking this, or at least screaming and shaking my fist at the heavens, but at this moment, a long, beautiful shooting star, the long-

est I've seen in my lifetime, showering golden sparks, trailed across a great arc of sky, seeming to make a noise even. Blinking in tears of wonder, I looked about myself to find a small fishing boat approaching directly. I don't know if he had waited for the entrance to turn on his running lights or what. He puttered nearby and I shouted in joy, "Follow you in, skipper!" His powerful spotlight picked up the red triangles, much closer than expected, and literally within minutes I was anchored in a small nook of mangroves, perfectly sheltered, my faith in the essential richness of the universe restored.

February 20 Friday: Feeling fresh, as if I had passed into a new phase, got underway well before daylight. The mangrove nook had nearly dried out and the tide was still falling. Put on shorts and booties and eased overboard, shoved, and wiggled her free. While draining my water boots the strong tide pushed the boat into an intervening point of mangroves, catching the rig in the branches and fouling the jib halyard up there, which I would have been obliged to cut free. Miraculously it cleared on the first pull, about the time that the stern toerail hung up on the roots, through which the tide was pouring, creating the dread "strainer" effect that has caused many a paddling accident. Not missing the irony of sinking my sailboat in a canoeing accident after all we had been through in the previous weeks, sprang to the stern and snatched it clear, leaving a small scar for posterity. The bow swung into the current which was sluicing along a steep-to bank, shaped very well actually to take the flare of the topsides. Caromed along like this for a ways, laughing nervously. The bank curved around just right though, even giving us a little kiss to windward just as the sail filled. Saying out loud into the darkness a la Pee Wee Hermann, "I meant to do that," ran out into the Gulf, sipping coffee.

Fine sailing there in the dawn, well powered under main alone, listening to music. Made it across San Carlos Bay (Ft. Myers area) by 9:00am, put up the jib, and made many more miles alongshore Sanibel, the wind going light at midday. The forecast was pretty good. Another full day at this rate would have put me in Tampa Bay, so I set a course for the halfway point, Little Gasparilla Pass. This type of projection never seems to work out sailing though and, indeed, the wind shut off entirely at Boca Grande, the major inlet of Charlotte Harbor.

The beaches on Cayo Costa Island looked exceedingly attractive through binoculars, so I sailed puffs and rowed about exploring the interesting Johnson Shoals, which lie between the island and the deep water of Boca Grande. There is even a completely protected basin behind one of the shoals and I could see a strong tide running into a mini-channel. But the memory of this morning's predawn boat wrestling was still fresh and so decided not to go in there. Tided down the shoreline a bit farther...could have touched it with an oar, plenty of water...went around a point and continued to a calm-looking spot right in front of the Cayo Costa State Park campground.

Thinking that I would just sort of "perch" in this semi-protected place, leaving no matter what the hour if some weather blew in, I put down the anchors and cleared all of the mangrove foliage out of the boat. Sunburned

campers strolled the beach here and there, some fishing. Within minutes a friendly woman named Melanie invited me to Cabin 2 for vegetarian sushi rolls. This being one of my favorite foods, I set up a Mediterranean moor and stepped off the stern onto the beach. Soon I was being introduced to Melanie's husband (rats) Eric and their two children, along with another couple, Miranda and Pedrick, with their little tyke, all from Vermont. Feasting ensued. Enjoyed swapping stories and being around the children, one of whom gazed at me solemnly for a really long time.

February 21 Saturday. As has become customary, slipped away before dawn, both tide and wind light but fair. There always seems to be a breeze at first light. Slowly crossed Boca Grande, wary of traffic, but it was practically deserted. This turned into the least windy day of the trip soon, however. Passed many hours of snoozing and reading, the boat self-steering when it was steering at all. You know, being becalmed in the Gulf wouldn't be so bad if it weren't for the large powerboats. I feel bad for the animals, porpoises, and sailors mainly, who have to listen to all of that. And the wakes cause a lot of chafe on a small sailing boat. But more than that even, they simply seem out of place and far too overdone for their intended purposes.

Having stopped utterly for several hours about two miles offshore from a place called Stump Pass, decided to row in there and see what that was all about. A tiny breeze piped up to help gain the entrance markers. I could see that the negotiation was straightforward but the tide was coming out. Thinking that it was about time that I had gotten some exercise, galley-slaved it on in there, entertained by the antics of purple martins overhead. Still gripped by the tide and muscles fading fast, I spied a basin very similar to the one at Johnson Shoals, but this one was easier to get into, in fact a fishing boat was just coming out, showing the way. Maneuvered around a snag and anchored inside just after sunset, perfectly sheltered. Luck, again.

Had a short conversation with two visitors to the resort there, called Key Colony if I'm not mistaken. After they left another gentleman and his son parked their golf cart (no cars inside the resort) and said hello. In response to a question, the man informed me that the closest store was closed but the attached restaurant and bar were open. I thanked him and they left. Keeping a low profile, pottered about and put on the beans and rice. Half an hour later, the man and his son returned. He said that the restaurant was farther than he first thought, so they came back

to offer a lift. I politely declined, though intrigued by his accent, which sounded like folks back home. He replied that he had brought a fresh towel and extra sandals in case mine got wet.

Not inclined to pass up an offer of fresh anything, set up my second Med moor in as many days and stepped ashore. Handshakes all around with Steven Hewett and his son Max. Steven is an innovative dentist and grew up on a peanut farm in southern Georgia. The resort was very peaceful with its no-car rule and we were soon seated in the clubhouse-style restaurant, my first restaurant meal of the trip. Had a grouper sandwich and traded sea stories, most enjoyable. Shared a few more stories and deep thoughts, as strangers sometimes do, standing on the dark beach afterwards. Said goodbye, Max's bedtime.

February 22 Sunday: Three weeks. Put up sail and walked the boat knee-deep through the clear water over a sandy bottom, hopped aboard at the entrance to the lagoon, and the tide did the rest, easy. Winds were light northerly and so made a few long tacks up the coast. In the early afternoon the wind evolved into a sea breeze, though still somewhat northerly. Converged with the coast about 4:00pm at Venice, the sea breeze showing signs of an imminent demise. Had to row a while to a position offshore of the inlet's jetties. What I could see was not very heartening, a big, big fishing and powerboat ant heap. The rocks were lined shoulder-to-shoulder, personal watercraft, thundering speedboats, and the ubiquitous fishing rigs completed the gauntlet.

The tide was streaming out but the sea breeze was still hanging in there, though tenuously. Narrowed my focus to the single task of getting through this corridor, first paddle-sailing and then rowing, conscious of the traffic but determined to keep moving without striking anything, blinded by the setting sun. Once inside, four canals (two of which were the Intercoastal Waterway, north and south) met in a congested intersection surrounded by homes and a marina. Eased over to the quietest place and anchored between a vacant point and the Intercoastal. Practiced being invisible.

February 23 Monday: Rode the falling tide back out into the Gulf, all quiet now. Sailed for a while in the dawn breeze that dropped off to calm by late morning. This was the calm of calms, in light haze and still air the sea soon settled into a sensory deprivation chamber, the water and sky matching perfectly at the horizon. Took short naps underneath a sun-reflective umbrella among rafts of seagulls sitting the water. Began thinking about rowing, but a small breeze picked up from a promising direction as if it may have been the harbinger of another sea breeze. Appreciative of such progress, hand-steered for many hours.

Finally nearing the end of the day, checked the chart and then found through binoculars Longboat Pass, looking like an easy winner, near a park, protective point just inside, and so on. I had been through there years before delivering a trimaran to Panama City, Florida, and also noted its suitability from an aerial photograph, part of the chart kit.

Kept going, however. Just wasn't ready to stop after all the extra rest that morning. Anna Maria Island drew abeam after Longboat and the inlet after her was followed

by tiny Passage Key, in one of the approaches to Tampa Bay. This being my favorite kind of anchorage (or so it appeared on the chart), open but protected by shoals, I decided to try for that in order to put the Gulf behind me. Didn't make it to the end of Anna Maria until dark however, where things became a bit lively...found myself threading a swash channel hard against Bean Point, that is between the end of the island itself and an exposed sand reef. Almost anchored there but the reef was occupied by thousands of seabirds and I was aggravating them with my presence.

A small powerful local (I thought) wind was blowing through the inlet, so I heaved to, took in the jib, and flattened the main. Passage Key was nowhere to be seen, it must have been low indeed, and it was full dark by now. The boat seemed to be flying along so I checked the speed, only 3 knots or so over the bottom, due to Tampa Bay, of course, pouring out. Delicious smells of frying seafood wafted over from Anna Maria.

Headed up a bit to see how things would be on a course for the Manatee River, my final destination. The boat sweetly put her rail down and began clipping along directly there on a close reach. Though somewhat concerned about crossing Tampa Bay without running lights, I was unable to resist a course so providentially direct and so settled down for an hour or so of great sailing. I could see pretty well in the loom of shoreside cities as well as a sinking quarter moon behind. The Sunshine Skyway bridge cast a ghostly effect, glowing in the northeast. Reached the entrance marker to Manatee almost too soon, so enjoyable was the feeling of slicing through flat water after all that time in the Gulf. Made a few tacks to gain the bayward point of Snead's Island, a quiet bit of public lands. Called my friend and host Turner to say that I had made it in.

February 24 Tuesday: Stronger southwesterlies all night with lightning visible to the north beyond Tampa. Raised sail at dawn and short-tacked back to the marked channel. Had a satisfying last sail up the river, close-reaching in gusty conditions. Sketched through the pilings and into the cove of New Fogartyville Boatyard (Turner's front yard). Set two anchors and a dockline and sat there for awhile gazing at my dusty truck parked just as I had left it three weeks and two days ago. Stepped ashore just as Turner pulled up to see if I had made it, shook hands.




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The two "privateers" launched the skiff off Leonardo beach. It was a clear night, chilly, but no moon. The wind was blowing gently from the south. On a beam reach this would take them directly to Spermaceti Cove. Rigging the boat was easier and quicker with two people. Aldo Shepard rowed out while Del raised the sails. Del had phoned Aldo and requested help. Aldo jumped at the chance for what he called "a change of pace."

They'd met in Nels' unit, Del a lowly PFC, and Aldo a second lieutenant. Both fell for the same girl, Frank McTiernan's daughter, who was doing a sabbatical in the Army. (After she was kicked out of her third college, Frank gave her a choice, secretarial school or the Army. She chose the Army.) Del gave it a shot but he never had a chance. Aldo swept Erica McTiernan off her feet. There was talk of marriage but Aldo never got Erica to the altar. She followed her police lieutenant father, who Del later worked for as a detective, into the New York City Police Department.

Aldo was a sailor and had proven himself in a number of slightly unlawful "situations." Del remembered when Aldo freelanced over the Berlin Wall to see what was doing on the other side. Nels was steamed. But Del's confidence in Aldo wasn't all first hand. Aldo's ex-father-in-law-to-be swore from personal experience that Aldo was slick and could handle any situation (even piracy, Del wondered).

At Del's request Frank spent some time fishing at Great Kills Cove. Del visited with him and checked out Martin's boat with a pair of binoculars. He wanted to know what to expect. Martin's Hatteras looked about 45' in length. Lots of cabin superstructure, a flying bridge, and all the paraphernalia you could ask for. Maybe clams wasn't such a bad business to be in, Del thought to himself. Then he left Frank with his fishing. When Martin's boat departed the harbor a few days later, Frank called in.

Sailing due east with little more than tidal chop to contend with, Del was totally relaxed. He handled the tiller. Aldo sat on the middle seat like he didn't want to get too close to the water. In fact, Aldo seemed a little more anxious then he should have been.

"Are you sure we're safe in this thing?" Aldo asked.

"The boat can handle it," Del replied. "Trust me. Why so nervous? Anyway, I thought you were a sailor?"

"Windsurfing, Del. One man, one board, one sail. No place to go in particular. No time restrictions. I don't windsurf at night. I don't know how to navigate. What if it storms?"

"Look at the sky, Aldo. It's not going to storm. Relax."

Del spent long hours devising just how they were going to do it and what they would need. Both Del and Aldo were wearing wetsuits, booties, and Kevlar vests. Del's kit bag was stowed next to the centerboard case-ment, except Del attached his Leatherman pocket tool, plus plastic cuffs, to his vest. He also brought along an air mattress. They weren't wearing life jackets because the wetsuits were plenty buoyant. Del had the Smith & Wesson plus his double barrel shotgun. Aldo carried a little .38 caliber Colt Detective Special holstered on a belt around his waist and a 12-gauge Winchester pump (the Model 1300 Defender), both borrowed along

Kidd's Treasure - III

By Marc J. Epstein
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with night vision binoculars, from the Atlantic Highlands Police Department via Charlie Nagy. Both wore dive knives strapped to their calves.

When they neared the sandy bank on the bay side of the Spermaceti Cove, Del dropped the jib, tied off the main sail to the mast, and raised the centerboard. He rowed to the southern end of Horseshoe Cove and dropped anchor about 25 yards from the shore. Del and Aldo sat on the floor of the skiff, leaning against the gunwales, and talked about old times. They talked about Erica, now Nelson Smith's deputy, and how quickly Nels had become a man of influence in the Department. They talked about Aldo's publishing ventures. They talked about Del's consulting jobs. They talked about sailing. Still, the hours passed slowly.

Finally, around 1:30 they heard the low murmur of a marine engine somewhere out in the bay. Del scanned the water with the binoculars. A few minutes later Martin's Hatteras motored into view. It towed a yellow, four-man inflatable, maybe Navy surplus, with an outboard motor. No dinghy. Aldo raised anchor and Del started pulling slowly toward Martin's boat. The oars were wrapped with cotton dish towels to silence them. Against the background of Sandy Hook Del was confident they wouldn't be seen.

Three men dropped from the Hatteras into the inflatable and motored to the shore. One man appeared to remain with the boat. Aldo silently dropped anchor 75 yards from Martin's boat. He and Del slipped over the side and strapped their shotguns to the air mattress. Hopefully they'd be a little drier that way. They swam silently toward the Hatteras. When they were within 20 yards they separated. Aldo swam to the bow. Del swam the air mattress and shotguns to the stern. Aldo waited a few minutes, then he hung on the anchor line and began to gently shake the boat. The man climbed down from the flying bridge and went forward with a flashlight to investigate. He carried some kind of nasty looking machine pistol. Aldo quickly backstroked away from the boat. Del tethered the air mattress to a cleat at the stern. He unstrapped his shotgun, bellied over the gunwale, and waited for the man to return. Aldo watched to see which way the flashlight came, left or right, then circled around the other way toward the stern.

By the time Aldo recovered the air mattress and unstrapped his shotgun, Del had handcuffed the man to a stanchion. He threw the machine pistol overboard. Del explained what he wanted. The man didn't argue. Aldo climbed on the air mattress and sat crosswise like he was riding a horse. Del opened the motor well and cut the wires to the starter solenoid with the Leatherman. He searched the boat for weapons and cut the wires to the radio. Aldo paddled to the side of the boat away from shore so he couldn't be seen. Del climbed up to the flying bridge where a spotlight was mounted through the fiberglass roof. Then they waited.

A few minutes later, though it seemed like hours, the inflatable returned. When it was tied up to the boat, the motor still running, Del directed the spotlight on the inflatable. Aldo paddled around to the side of the inflatable, about ten yards away but partly in the spread of the light beam. (Dummy, thought Del.)

"Freeze," yelled Del.

Someone yelled, "What the fuck?"

Del tried again.

"Nobody move."

Except nothing works out exactly as planned.

"Assholes," someone shouted.

One of the men in the boat pulled out an automatic pistol. Aldo saw the movement and might have shot at him, except he couldn't. He didn't have a shell in the chamber (dumb me, he thought to himself) and the pump jammed, salt, sand, or something. The man with the gun shot Aldo out of the saddle. Aldo flipped backwards into the water, losing the shotgun. He tried to stay under. Del let loose with both barrels of his shotgun. That would have killed or wounded everyone, except Del's shells were loaded with hard, dry corn (a Del original for stray cats and dogs, raccoons, and rats). The three men in the inflatable scattered overboard.

Del reloaded the shotgun with double aught shot (no more fooling around) and put it aside. He unholstered the Smith & Wesson and then, using the spotlight, he looked for bobbing heads. It was like plinking beer cans floating in the water, except he didn't want to kill anyone, only scare them off with closely-placed shots. Fortunately, nobody shot back. They were probably shocked by the cold water and may have lost their guns. Two men swam for shore. Where was the third, Del wondered.

Aldo popped to the surface. His chest was killing him. He climbed on the inflatable, unholstered his little Colt, and lay down, waiting for something bad to happen. First a hand, then a head appeared over the side. The hand or the head? Aldo fired at the hand. The man screamed and thrashed off. Silence. One side of the inflatable deflated and it started filling with water, tipping precariously. Martin's treasure was packed in large cloth sacks with drawstrings. Aldo shifted the load and himself over to the good side. "Aldo, let's go," said Del in a loud whisper. Aldo untethered the inflatable and motored around to the front of the boat away from any more potential heros. Del climbed down from the flying bridge and moved forward. Then he jumped in the water. Aldo threw him the docking line and towed him away from the boat.

Aldo motored over to the skiff, dragging Del alongside. Del climbed into the skiff and Aldo handed him the sacks, one by one. Del stacked them up against the centerboard case-ment. They didn't have much time. Shots fired in Horseshoe Cove, even in the middle of the night, were bound to attract attention, Park policemen or someone in Highlands, who would call the authorities.

"How do you feel?" asked Del.

"Like I've been shot," Aldo replied.

"Just a bad bruise. You'll survive."

"So you say," replied Aldo.

Del took off his Kevlar vest. Aldo didn't.

"We'd better disappear for a while," said Del. "There's going to be a lot of activity around here."

The tide was high so they were able to row across the shoals leading to the estuary behind the sandy bank that formed the bay side of Spermaceti Cove. They beached the boat on the east side of the bank and walked around to the northern end. With the streetlights on Sandy Hook behind them they stayed low. By this time they could see flashing blue lights on the water. New Jersey State Marine Police. They also saw a Coast Guard cutter nosing around. Eventually the cutter towed Martin's boat toward the Coast Guard station. They waited a few hours and things finally calmed down.

"I don't want to be around here when daylight comes," said Del. "Someone is going to be looking for us."

"I want to go home," said Aldo. "The East Village is safe compared to this."

"Don't be a spoilsport. I'm good company."

Aldo objected sourly. "You wish. I don't like getting shot."

"What the hell were you doing sitting on the air mattress?"

"It seemed like a good idea at the time," replied Aldo.

The tide had turned and the shoals were beginning to dry out, so it didn't make sense to leave Spermaceti Cove the way they'd come in, from the north. Instead, Del rowed directly south to get out from behind the cove's sandy bank and the shoals. Once outside of the cove and in deeper water, that is directly north of Highlands, Del raised the sails and dropped the centerboard.

The wind was still blowing steadily from the south. On a beam reach they would have a relatively easy sail home. If they weren't so hopped up they might have enjoyed the gentle swish of the water against the boat, the bright black sky and mantle of stars, and the graceful effort of the sails. On edge, neither man was totally surprised when 15 minutes into the journey they heard the sharp whine of a gasoline engine somewhere to the northwest of them. Moments later they saw a spotlight sweeping the water in the distance. They both shared the same thought. It was too damn easy.

"Pull for the jetty marker," said Del, pointing to a flashing light 500 yards south of them. "I'll stow the sails."

Del quickly raised the centerboard. Once he had the rig put away, he took the forward seat and began pulling in tandem with Aldo. They weren't exactly a matched pair, but they got into the rhythm. The motorboat was only 150 yards away and gaining on them rapidly when they cut sharply behind the Atlantic Highlands marina jetty and sprinted for the nearest moored sailboat, a beautiful 40' "J" Boat.

They slid in behind it. The motorboat approached the marina fast and on a high plane, swinging wide to avoid the jetty. Then it came to a abrupt stop, still outside the marina and turned off the spotlight. Del and Aldo, standing in the skiff, peered over the gunwales of the sailboat. The motorboat's sudden deceleration generated waves that shuttered through the marina, causing the moored sailboats' halyards to sing against their masts.

The motorboat was a stylish piece of work with a flush forward cabin, large windows, a high open cockpit, and an arch with a radar bubble. Obviously Martin had back-up. Worse yet, back-up with radar. The ma-

rina was well lit near the docks and on the service roads, but the moored sailboats were encased in gloomy, nearly dark shadows.

"What now?" whispered Aldo.

Both he and Del sat down.

"Presumably our friends know we're armed," said Del. "There's not much they can do without attracting attention. By daylight they'll have people on land to watch for us. We've got to sneak out now while we still have the cover of darkness."

Del paused.

"Empty my kit bag and load Martin's bags in it. Cut off 20' of anchor line. Tie the kit bag to an air cylinder. If we have to ditch the bag in the bay, at least we'll be able to find it again."

"I hope so," said Aldo, moving forward to retrieve the kit bag. Del started pulling, fisherman style, ever so slowly and silently in a westerly direction between the last row of moored sailboats and the marina breakwater. Unless the motor boat used its spotlight it wasn't likely to see them. And with 100 or more tethered sailboats between them and the motorboat, hopefully radar wouldn't pick them out. They scuttled from sailboat to sailboat, delaying at each to anxiously check the location of the motorboat. It never moved. Just sat there waiting and, presumably, observing. It took them 45 minutes to work their way along the row of sailboats to the last one, a 30' Hunter. Del rowed up to it and Aldo grabbed hold.

"You've got to swim in and get help," said Del. "Stay inside the mooring area until the last possible moment. Once you're across the channel, you'll be between the dock and the old pier. They won't see you. There's a pay phone in front of the charter dock. Call Charlie Nagy. We need to chase away the bad guys. Ask Charlie to send patrol cars to the marina. We need flashing lights and sirens. See if he'll get the State Marine Police, too. He'll ask why. Tell him there's a suspicious powerboat in the harbor. We'll meet later."

"What are you going to do?" interrupted Aldo.

"I'm going to try to get my boat out of here."

"How am I going to find you?"

"Take the little navigation light. After you've called, get over to the beach on the west side of the railroad pier. Too many lights for me to come in. Swim out 200 yards or so. I'll find you."

"OK."

Aldo attached the navigation light to his vest and slipped over the side. Del reached over and tapped him on the shoulder. Aldo turned and hung on to the gunwales.

"Warn Charlie that the people on the boat might be armed. They might even be dangerous. I don't want the Marine Police running into trouble."

Aldo started for shore. Del tethered the skiff to the Hunter. He tried to track Aldo but lost him among the sailboats. He studied the motorboat through the binoculars. Nothing doing. Then he sat down to wait. He tried to develop alternative scenarios in case the cops didn't show. He couldn't think of any that made sense. Thankfully, 15 minutes later he heard sirens. He stood up and peered over the gunwale of the sailboat. Two police cars drove down to the launching area, their lights flashing. Then he saw the blue beacon of the State Marine Police.

Time to go. Del rowed the last 50 yards to the back entrance of the marina and turned into the channel between the end of the jetty and the pilings. He pulled close to the pilings and shipped the oars. He "walked" the skiff between the pilings to the west side of the railroad pier. Then he rowed further west another 100 yards and waited. He hoped Aldo wouldn't be long. Fortunately Aldo shared Del's sense of urgency. He saw Aldo trot down to the beach and wade into the water. Once he was out far enough, Del picked him up. Del was afraid to raise the sails which might be too easily seen. They rowed home, staying close to the shore once they were away from the beach area and the marina lights.

They secured the boat and loaded the bags into the trunk of Del's car. Del offered, but Aldo didn't want to stay over. He drove back to New York. He felt safer there. The next day the episode made the front page of the *Press*. "Attempted Boat Hijacking Off the Hook." No explanation of why Martin was moored in Horseshoe Cove. No mention of the solenoid wires being cut. No mention of a suspicious boat in the marina.

Del couldn't sleep. Too much adrenaline pumping. He carried the bags into his trailer. He compared the booty with the list of items that Nels had faxed him. Much of the stuff seemed similar, gold coins, jewelry, precious stones, and some gold ingots. Only an expert would know for sure. He also found Butterworth's Bible and the will. Poor Leonard Boxwood. He waited until noon, figuring that Aldo would have regained his sense of humor. Then he called.

"Is your health improving?" he asked.

"You should see this black and blue mark. I mean it's ugly."

"Can you get in touch with Danny Torteleone for me?" Del asked. "Frank tells me you're good buddies."

"Uh, not me," said Aldo.

"But Frank said ..."

"One little episode a few years ago. Call Nels. I've used up my good luck with those fellows."

"OK. You're going to tell me about it some day?" asked Del.

"Read my book," replied Aldo.

"What book?"

"Marc and I wrote it. We haven't found a publisher yet."

"So how can I read it?" asked Del.

"Goodbye, Del."

"Ah, Aldo...can Torteleone be trusted?"

"In a business deal, yes. For anything else, no."

That's what Del was thinking about. A business deal. Charlie Nagy from the Atlantic Highlands Police Department called.

"You been out sailing?" he asked.

"Not me."

"But you were at the marina last night?"

"Let's say I wasn't," replied Del.

"You heard about Martin's boat?" Nagy asked.

"I read the papers."

"And you're still on the job?"

"Don't worry," replied Del. "You'll get your money's worth. Uh, by the way, I lost your shotgun."

"How exactly did you do that?"

"You don't want to know," said Del.

"I guess I'll have to deduct it from your pay."

Del laughed. "Fair enough."

"I'll hear from you soon?" asked Nagy.

"For sure."

Nels gave Del the telephone number of the Green Point Athletic Club where Torteleone played guardian angel to neighborhood kids. He didn't ask why Del needed the number. Or maybe he knew. He told Del that Angelo Martin was walking around with his arm in a sling. Said he had an accident. Did Del have any information to share with him? Del said he didn't. Since Torteleone might have someone at the phone company in his employ, Del used a pay phone in Atlantic Highlands to make the call. He left a message.

"I have Kidd's treasure. I'll call back."

Let them stew on that for awhile. A few days later Del called Torteleone from a pay

phone in Red Bank. Torteleone came on the line.

"I want Boxwood's killer and the gun," Del told him. "You get your treasure back."

Torteleone didn't say anything.

"Do we deal or not?" asked Del.

"That's my retirement stash," answered Torteleone. "We deal. But what makes you think you'll get away with it?"

"You have a godfather," replied Del. "I have a godfather. Your's is in jail. Nelson Smith is mine."

"Smith, huh?"

"Right."

"How do I know I can trust you?" asked Torteleone.

"You don't, not for sure."

Del paused.

"Don't worry, Mr. Torteleone, you'll get your goods," he said.

A small time hood named Leo Vacca rolled over on Martin. Not surprisingly, the .22 caliber pistol was recovered in Martin's apartment. Del sent the Bible and will to Mrs. Boxwood. He didn't like the idea of returning the stolen property to Torteleone, but a deal's a deal. He packed the treasure in a small wooden crate and shipped it UPS to the Green Point Athletic Club. He used the Atlantic Highlands Police Department as a return address. Charlie Nagy didn't know (or didn't care). Del never heard from Torteleone. Aldo wouldn't speak to Del for months. When she heard the story, neither would his wife. Still, his adventure whispered through the police grapevine and the consulting jobs kept coming in. You can't have everything.

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That's a Trail Ex UT200 trailer, came on the UPS truck.



Lake Iamonia boat ramp 15 miles from the shop. We have launched a bunch of boats here, that's Jane as usual.

Running at about 10 knots, couldn't take a picture running wide open.



Grumman Sport Boat Improvement Project Sea Trials

By Robb White

Well, we launched the strip planked sport boat son Sam built. The poor boy (40 years old) had some kind of intestinal virus and missed the whole show. It was just Jane and me. Sam and I finished the finishing touches yesterday before he got sick and Jane and I carried the little boat out the door and put her on the trailer early this morning. During the night another cold front came through (and this April 14!) and it was 40 degrees and blowing NW a steady 25 knots with gusts to 35. Whew, it like to have taken the boat away from us when we got out of the lee of the shop but we made it.

I had already readied the old Martin 60 (National Pressure Cooker Company, Eau Claire, Wisconsin, 1946) and had made a few improvements in it, too. I'll cover them right now so you'll know what to expect. One improvement was that I fitted a little bronze three-blade propeller to replace the excellent two-blade weedless aluminum wheel that came standard. The bronze prop is higher pitched and the blades are sharper and better formed for efficiency. The reason I did it was that, with the weedless prop, the old Grumman wouldn't plane out flat enough to suit me. The new prop made a world of difference.

Another improvement was that I modified the little gas shut-off valve so that it actually shuts off the gas. You know back in the olden days they just had a metal to metal valve and there is no metal to metal fit that will shut off gasoline, so I took it apart and machined the innards to it so that it shuts off with an "O" ring and now when I run the carburetor empty, dammit, it stays empty. I am fixing to fix the metal to metal float needle and seat in the carburetor and the vent screw on the gas cap as soon as I get around to it, too. Then the old engine will be just as gas tight as a Honda. Before I did all that, you couldn't tilt the engine for more than ten minutes or it would go to stinking and dripping gas in the boat. The stench of outboard motor gas used to thrill me but not anymore. But I do like the way a Martin runs and intend to keep on running the old thing as long as I can.

The little boat looked pretty good on the trailer. You know you can't actually tell how a boat looks when it is in a little shop. It takes the sun and shade to show the true facts. We tied her down and got our junk together and hauled her 15 miles to Lake Iamonia. It was blowing so hard across the highway that I was afraid it would blow that light little rig sideways but, though it rocked pretty good in the gusts, it was roadworthy and we were soon ready to launch. There was no ceremony to it. Jane took hold of the painter and I slid her off. The little boat looked better in the water than it did on the trailer and that's the way it ought to be. "Old New" is that same way and the "Rescue Minor" is sort of funny looking

on the trailer but looks good in the water. Anyway, we didn't waste any time. I parked the car while Jane loaded up the life preservers and stuff and we were soon under way.

We found out immediately that it was a good boat. For one thing, it did not pound in the chop of the lake and it held its bow up into the wind much better than the Grumman which is squirrelly and hard to handle in a good breeze and impossible in 25 knots like today, but this boat idled out the channel through the lily pads without trying to blow off sideways at all.

When the engine got warmed up I opened the throttle. Goodness gracious, what a surprise. That thing is about a Class "A" runabout compared to the Grumman. I did not have my GPS and it is hard to estimate the speed of a new boat until you have had some experience with it but it is a hell of a lot faster than the old aluminum boat. The boat is a good bit lighter than the Grumman (100 lbs. vs. 135 lbs.) but I think the main difference is the rockerless bottom and the 1/2" of throw down at the transom. It begins to plane at what I think is 3.5 knots... well below hull speed... so the transition is undetectable as I expected.

When we got out in the lake where it was rough, that's when the real difference showed up. The boat did not pound at all, it runs with the forefoot in the water at any speed below wide open. We ran it in that pretty stiff chop at all speeds and it never pounded at all, but it did throw spray running wide open which is expected. The boat was perfectly dry running slow. Any boat small enough to have a short shaft engine mounted on a flat-topped transom will wet you running 20 knots in choppy conditions. Though a little fine spray blew back into the boat, there was no solid water and no tendency to get slapped around going across the wind or against it and the boat did not try to root, yaw, and broach running downwind. Of course, these were small waves and it remains to be seen what it'll do in big waves. I expect it will be slow, but I believe it will be a good sea boat which is fortunate because Jane and I will have to get to the island in it after the Apalachicola Antique and Classic boat show at which we will win the "Antique Wood Canvas Sport Boat" category for sure.



Easing along in the chop. There are Indian artifacts all over that little island.

Yep, she planes!



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POOR RICHARD

By WESTON FARMER

The Chesapeake skipjack hull is more noted for economy and ease of building than for good looks, but in Poor Richard, designer Weston Farmer has turned his talent for lovely boats to producing a skipjack with yachtly lines. On one basic hull you can select an arrangement of your own choice.

Benjamin Franklin's proverb boy, Poor Richard, made great virtue of economy. Since economy is her greatest virtue, I have christened this skipjack hull Poor Richard.

Usually if one goes to the native builders on any great regional body of water he finds a-building there boats that are perfect for local conditions. This is true of the Chesapeake, which the writer knows well. The Bay is a varied body of water, shallow in spots, narrow in some, deep at places, and is both fresh and salt. The native boat of the Chesapeake is the diamond bottom boat, grandfather of the modern V-bottom boat, and is called locally a skipjack. Skipjacks are good in fresh and salt water behavior. They love a chop, are fine in a wind, and drive easily.

They are, moreover, very inexpensive to build. The basic hull of Poor Richard here can be built for about \$300 for lumber and fastenings, depending on the degree of local larceny (1950s prices).

Now any boat that Father Neptune has liked as a type for hundreds of years is bound to make a good knockabout hull on which the backyard boatbuilder may add his own private arrangement plan. To show the versatility of the type, I've drawn eight adaptations on the 21' hull for which the basic offsets and constructions plans are given.

The upper arrangement is typically Chesapeake. It is, in fact, the exact layout of a skipjack I found at Speake's Yard on Spa Creek, and the lines of which I have modi-

fied in this design. The cabin was of 1/2" plywood with plain windows. This cabin should more properly be called a cuddy because it is open at the aft end, being closed by a canvas curtain. The motor of the original boat was a one lung Lockwood-Ash or DuBrie, I believe, of about 3-3/4" x 4" bore and stroke, turning a three-blade 12" diameter x 14" pitch wheel for a speed of about 7mph, very comfortable going on her length. The motor was located exactly where shown.

What might be done by a builder who has sufficient skill to construct a coach type cabin and add a steering shelter and bulwarks is next shown. The hull is sufficiently weighty to handle this Roamer top hamper provided it is kept light, of 1/2" cedar, with 1/2" plywood steering shelter crowned with 1/4" canopy decking. Such a boat can handle a 4-cylinder Universal Utility Four placed where shown, although the trim will be lowered forward to a degree. Such a motor will give 10mph, nearly, turning a lefthand 13" diameter x 9" pitch wheel. This is about the limit of speed. More weight of engine or power she can't handle. She'll merely squat and wallow.

If you like a dollop of rag aloft, a short mast can be stepped over beefed up cabin carlins and a low dipping lug sail can be bent for steadyng and running off the wind. The sail shown is moderate, and needs to be, for Poor Richard would be too tender of a lofty reaching rig. The rag shown on Smoky is 4'6"



on the luff, 6'9" on the gaff, 11'6" on the boom, about 10'7" on the leach, and the mast stands 10'9" with no bury. This will be enjoyable with the wind abaft the beam and off the wind will kill much wild motion. The rudder in this case will best be lengthened. A dipping lug is a matter of balance, the halyard tackle being delayed at the optimum point to flatten both peak and throat.

For a family boat, an old time "launch" arrangement is best and still good. This arrangement is labeled *Jill*. It gives the most room and useful boat. A Universal 8hp Fisherman, or any 4-8hp one-cylinder engine can be used for from 7-8mph.

Two-cycle engines are preferred by the writer for this type of boat, and they are still made in the U.S. and Canada, costing about \$235 for a new mill. Since such motors never wear out, one can frequently find them around boatyards for from \$5 to \$20, needing only a rebabbitted bearing job to make them run again. The open launch *Jill* could be made into a rainy weather boat by the addition of stanchions, a standing canopy, and side curtains. See profile.

Some locations afford good mail and grocery routes, and a profile showing a covered freight, mail, and motor compartment is shown. Not a bad looking little rig with a sprayhood, too, for murky weather.

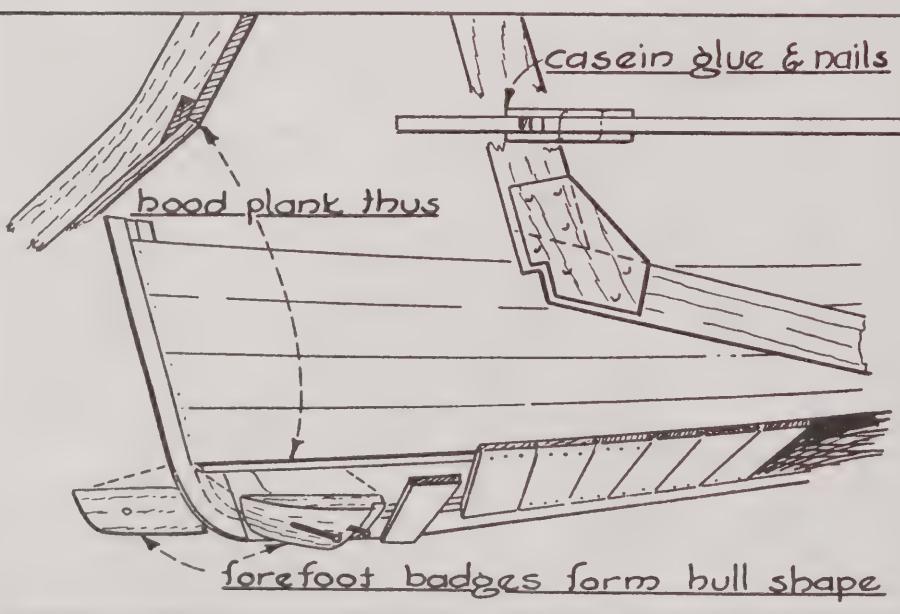
The crabber or oyster tonger who needs a new cheap boat will recognize his meat in the drawing of *Ann*.

The gill netter or mackerel chummer who wants to get to fishing on a minimum outlay will sense in *Gull* a fine beginning piece of equipment and one that will quickly repay her cost.

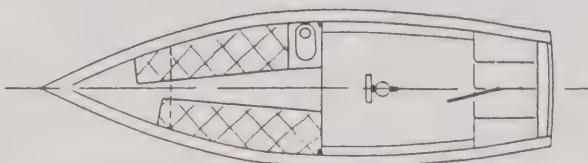
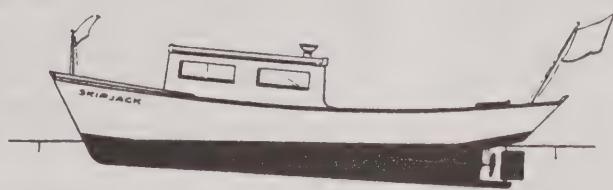
The writer has designed a number of fish boats and semi-commercial hulls on this Chesapeake type of bottom. They are in use in Alaska, on the California coast, and on the Great Lakes, as well as on the Chesapeake. All are performing well under varied circumstances.

Now I am not going to tell you how to drive every screw or how to hold a hammer, that kind of space is wasted because no two men have access to the same materials. To start building it will be necessary to lay down the lines full size, of course. The lines are given to outside of planking and you will have to subtract from your body plan the thickness of the planking you use. I have specified ordinary clear 1" x 6" boards for planking, but you won't get this thickness commercially. What you will get will be between 3/4" and a strong 7/8" thickness. This will be all right.

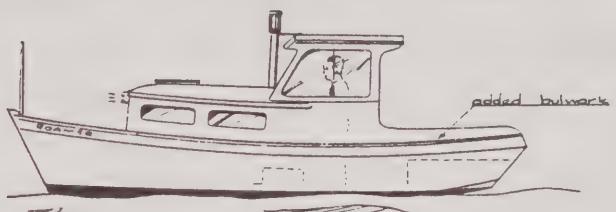
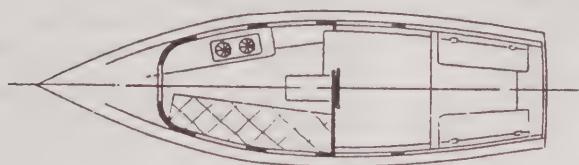
The frames are best of 3/4" white oak, but 1-1/4" spruce, tamarack, or mahogany



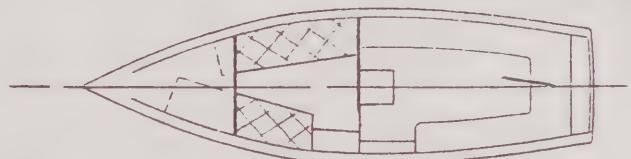
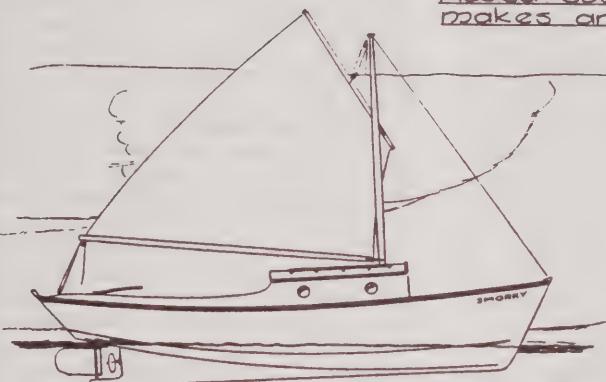
"POOR RICHARD"- SOME ARRANGEMENTS - 21' SKIPJACK HULL



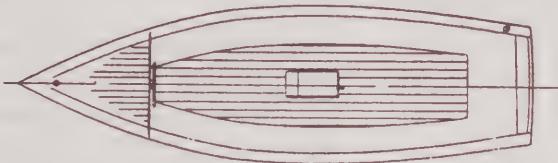
Laid out as a simple cruising launch with cuddy over two berths



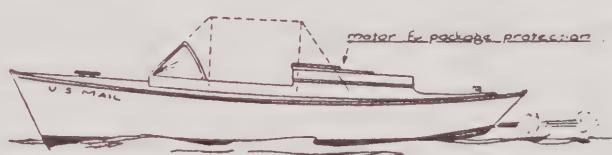
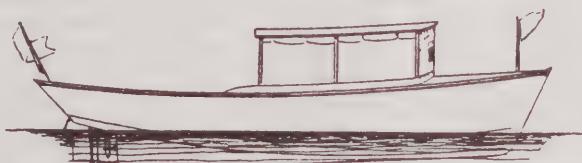
Added coach cabin, steering shelter and bulwarks makes an excellent "vest pocket" cruiser of her



With dipping lug rig for running & steadyng



Built as an open boat with 4-8 hp for 7-8 mph she'd work out well



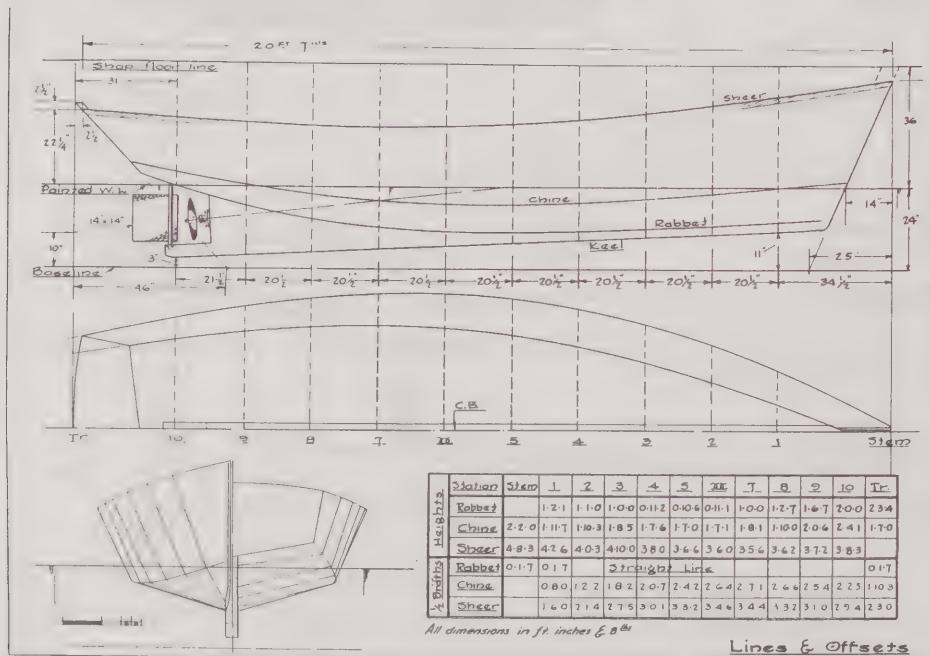
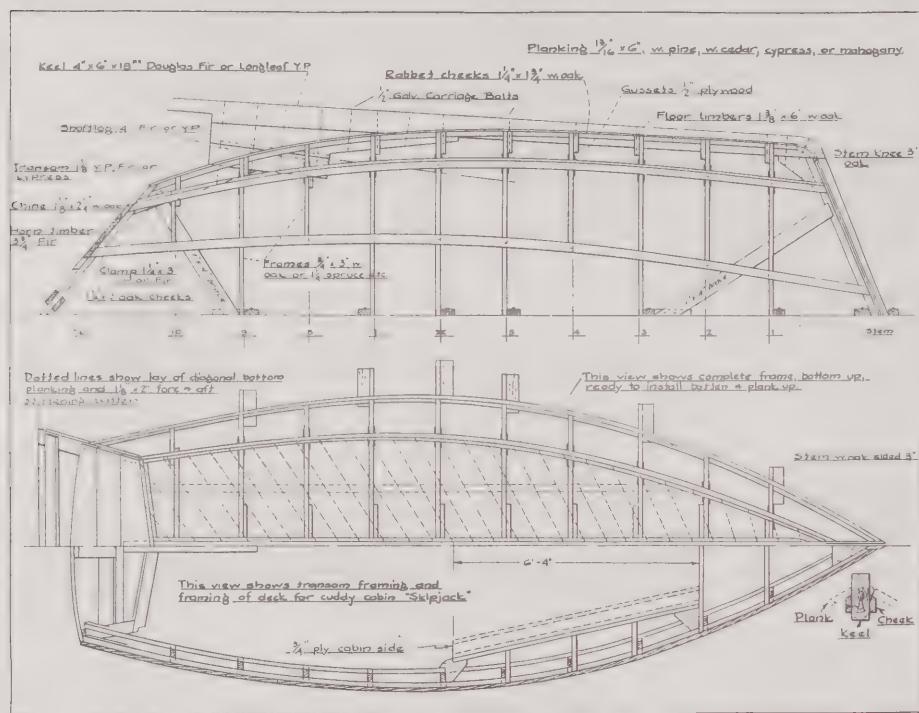
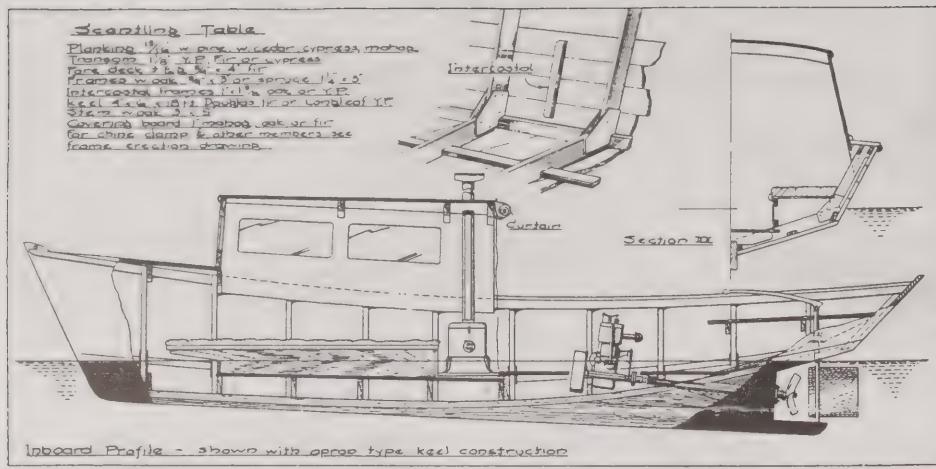
open launch - canopy & curtains

mail & grocery or chandlery boat



as a crabber or small oyster tender

as a gill net fisherman



will do just as well. Since the boat will be built upside down, extend the frames to the floor line, sawing off at the sheer line after planking. Double cheekpieces are glued and nailed to the frames with galvanized shingle nails, leaving the frame in one plane, the best method. See gusset detail.

The transom will have to be "expanded," don't make your transom from the section in the body plan, it is not in the right plane. Go to the raked stern for heights before you go outboard for half breadths. Watch the bevels closely.

The transom may be made up feathered in the seams with a $1\frac{1}{4}$ " x $1\frac{1}{2}$ " dado cut in each board using a $1\frac{1}{4}$ " x $7/8$ " white pine feather set in casein glue, or the seams may be cleated and caulked as is the usual practice with Chesapeake builders. Transom planking is $1\frac{1}{8}$ " yellow pine, cypress, or fir.

I show two types of keel construction. One is Chesapeake style, the other the more universally known apron type. The Chesapeakers run the keel up into the hull 2"-3" and then side fasten cheekpieces to form a rabbet. Thousands of boats have been built this way. The rabbet cheeks are easily beveled and require only galvanized screw or boat nail fastenings through the cheek into the keel. Some money is saved on long fastenings.

The disadvantage is that the cheeks must usually be laid in canvas marine glue or paint to get a tight job. Some amateurs can't do this. Their tools get gummy and the screws have a way of wadding up the canvas.

The apron type of rabbeted plank landing is a little harder to bevel and uses more long fastenings. Through bolts, $1\frac{1}{2}$ " galvanized, will be required to draw the apron down to the spring of the keel.

Now, though the keel is of 4" stuff, which means 3-3/4" nominal, if you use the apron type of construction, soak the apron in water for several days to make it rubbery, then over a horse or logs, or around stakes driven into the ground, spring the apron to twice normal bend and let dry for a week or two. Otherwise the 4" keel will not be able to keep the correct apron profile.

Here is a general list of scantling sizes: Planking, 13/16" white pine, white cedar, cypress, or mahogany. Frames of 3/4" white oak spaced as shown, or 1-1/4" spruce, tamarack, yellow pine, or fir. Gussets for frames, 1/2" plywood set in casein glue and screwed or nailed. Floor timbers gained over keel and cheekpieces or fayed flat across the apron if that type of construction is used.

The chine is of $1\frac{1}{8}$ " x $2\frac{1}{4}$ " oak. This piece needs to be of oak to hold fastenings, particularly if the bottom planking is to be Chesapeake style; that is, planked diagonally from keel to chine, starting at about 15 degrees aft rake forward and "fudging" a little until the final aft pieces of plank are running diagonally across frames at about 45 degrees of angle.

This type of construction is a hallmark of the Chesapeake. To obtain the shape of the bottom forward, the Bay men usually bolt on forefoot badges of about 18" length of solid timber and adz the shape in to fair between the first thwartship plank and the forefoot.

If thwartship planking is used, two fore and aft battens, $1\frac{1}{8}$ " x 2 " of fir, yellow pine

or some similar wood, must be gained into the frames to provide bearing, one each side of keel.

The bottom may be planked fore and aft, without battens, using 1" x 1-3/8" intercostal frames between each main frame. These intercostals must be used on the topside planking regardless of the type of bottom planking. Use fore and aft planking on the bottom only if you have access to a steam box, as there is much twist to the garboard forward.

The sheer clamp will be 1-1/4" x 3" yellow pine or fir.

Well, in this case, it isn't an old boat. As a matter of fact, it isn't even finished yet but Sam and I decided to take the lines off that strip planked copy of the old Grumman Sport Boat. We would have taken the lines off the aluminum boat, but we have eyeballed so many "improvements" into the new boat that we just bastardized the whole project but it turned out so good (trust me, y'all) that we are going to draw plans for distribution to intrepid amateurs who might want to build one, too.

I know there are proper ways to do this and I have labored through the explanations of other people in other boat magazines a bunch of times, but what you are actually after is just the shapes of the molds and the profile of the thing and ain't no point in over accessorizing the project. All those buttocks and diagonals and waterlines and all are just what paper designers use to make sure (?) the molds will hold the planking exactly where they want. I don't want y'all to think that I am a wretched, ignorant degenerate who does it differently because I don't know any better. I can draw the lines of a boat and, indeed, I did it plenty of times. Son Wes does it, too, and son Sam is working on it. Drawing plans is a good thing to do when you can't actually build the boat.

Well, though I am not ignorant, I am degenerate. My first degeneration from paper plans was to carve a half model of the boat like Nathaniel Herreshoff and countless other geniuses before and after him. It is easy to take the lines off a model (or a real boat) if you realize that what you are after is just what you need to build an exact copy of the boat. In my model carving days I always carved a whole model instead of a half model so I could play with it in the bathtub and take it swimming with me to see how it acted before I went to all the trouble to actually build the real boat. I always hated to cut up my pretty little model so I figured out a way to get my molds without having to fool around with "lifts" (little horizontal planes of removable laminations so you can measure half breadths at standard elevations at each mold station...waterlines).

What I did was to mark the mold stations on the white paint of the model and, by trial and error, cut and sand pieces of formica until they fit the outside of the bet lookig half of the hull exactly. At that, I must reveal something amazing. When I got the negative of each mold cut to fit exactly at each mold station on the outside of one side of the boat, they would fit the other side, too. The human eyeball has certainly got a knack for symmetry, I tell you. Even a (diligent) little child

Stem is of oak, sided 3".

Stem knee is of oak, blended from 4" to 3" to fay on keel and stem.

Deck stringers along the coaming edge, or plank sheer edge, should be 1-1/8" x 2-1/2" yellow pine or fir, whatever is easiest to secure in your locality.

Deck beams for the cabin top and the short foredeck may be 1-1/8" x 2-1/2", best of oak.

Use all galvanized fastenings. These are cheapest and last longest. Under no circumstances use "coated" nails or any bright or black iron. If you use bronze, use bronze all

the way through. Don't mix metals in the fastenings of any boat, particularly if for salt water use.

Don't put a converted auto engine in Poor Richard. It probably will be too heavy and will "dollar" you to death.

On the timber sizes given, and to the lines as specified, anyone who can saw and plane a board can build this most acceptable hull. The fun comes in putting in your own arrangement. Keep the weights balanced as possible about the midsection, trim her aft with fuel and perishable stores, and she'll work out extremely well.

Taking The Lines Off an Old Boat

By Robb White

can roll up a ball of modeling clay into a sphere so perfect that there is no eccentricity that can be measured by conventional means.

Sam is a stickler for the elimination of eccentricity (well, at least in objects and has faired this hull down as slick as a \$70,000 automobile). We have the jackleg molds that we fitted to the inside of the boat as the planking proceeded to hold the thing like we wanted but they are not up to Sam's standard...sort of arbitrarily spaced for one thing. Sam is through carefully cutting plywood to fit exactly (yes, sweet baby) each of the mold stations he marked every 2' on the immaculate outside of the hull. Both sides of his boat are perfect so he just chose the side closest to the edge sander as the best side.

He took our 1/2" x 1/4" x 3' lead bar and wrapped it around the mold marks and transferred the line to the plywood and cut it out with a jigsaw. I had to buy it and it came with variable speed jiggling and an adjustable upercut to the blade. It even projects a little laser line ahead of the blade and is better made than the old industrial strength \$200 Porter Cable I wore out years ago...\$36 from China, "GMC" brand...Black & Decker better emigrate. The jigsaw works pretty good for a rough fit, but we are trying for a little perfection here so he carefully sanded the curve on our big edge sander (which is one of the most useful power tools in any wood shop).

It is a funny thing about fitting something like that. I have fitted a bunch of sawn frames in my day and it is actually easier than one would think. You have to do it by trial and error. Seems like you could get it pretty close and then stick it in there and mark all around it with the dividers, but that won't work. You'll just be decreasing (or increasing in this case) all the different radii on the thing at the same time and it'll just get littler and littler (or...) every time you scribe around it. If you didn't understand that, you'll just have to trust me again.

You have to do it by trial and error and nothing works better than an edge sander. I used to use a rasp before I developed all these various repetitive motion tunnel syndromes and became so machinated. These little pieces of 1/4" plywood were easy money compared to fitting the futtocks of sawn frames because there was no need to bevel the edges or jog for laps so it only took part of one morning

to fit them all. There they lie like a bunch of cheap made boomerangs on the bottom of the boat all ready to trace around onto a big piece of paper so another person can lay out the molds to build a copy of this boat as fair as a \$70,000 automobile.

This boat was built 5/16" thick because strip planking doesn't lay out as fair as lap strake planking and it takes a good bit of planing and scraping to get a fair hull and you don't want to get too thin anywhere. I have built strip planked boats thinner (1/8") but I had to do a good little bit of puttying and epoxy putty is heavier and more expensive than wood and elbow grease, and epoxy takes more elbow grease than wood, and besides, putty goes against my principles. This cedar boat will be heavier than one of my poplar lapstrake boats but it'll still be a nice, light boat.

When we trace the molds onto the paper, we'll have to put a 5/16" spacer on the pen to compensate for the fact that the lines were taken off outside the planking. I think I'll use a ball bearing to space the pen. That'll keep that nasty plywood from eating up an ordinary spacer and also keep from frazzling up the nasty edge of the plywood.

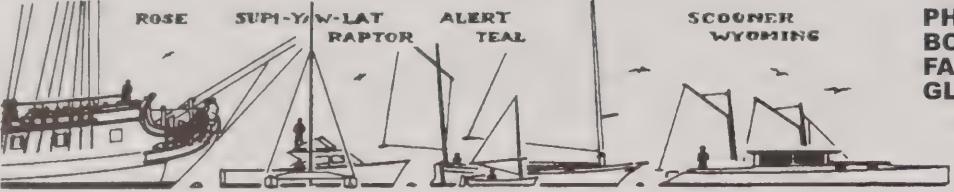
Which, that is some nasty plywood. I have not kept up with current trends in plywood. The last I bought was some lauan doorskins for making patterns to fit those expensive "U" shaped seats exactly to the planking and transom of the stern of a boat. I figured out a better way to fit seats (I'll tell you sometime) and it has been a long time since I bought any plywood at all. This new stuff looks a little like lauan (perfectly clear for one thing), it has an open grain sort of like oak and splinters worse than Douglas fir, and the splinters burn like all get out

If these plans come into any demand, I might epoxify these patterns out of self defense. I will have to check out the market to find out what to charge for a set of plans with full sized mold patterns and a long, rambling, opinionated set of instructions for how to build a strip planked boat. I'll keep you posted.

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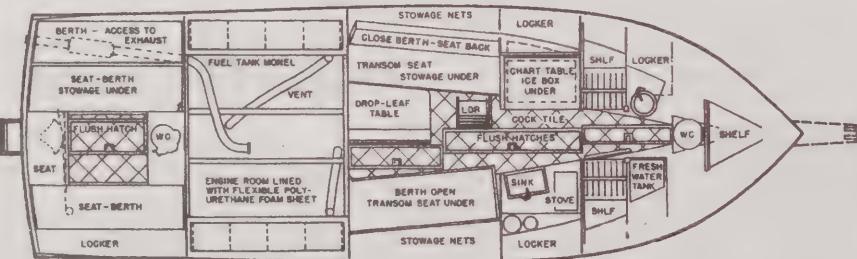
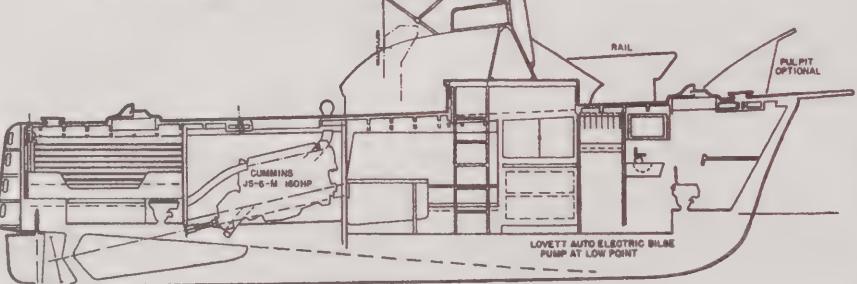
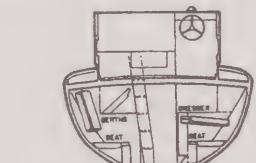
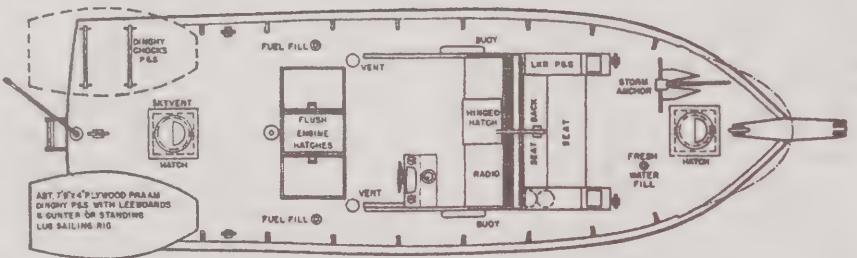
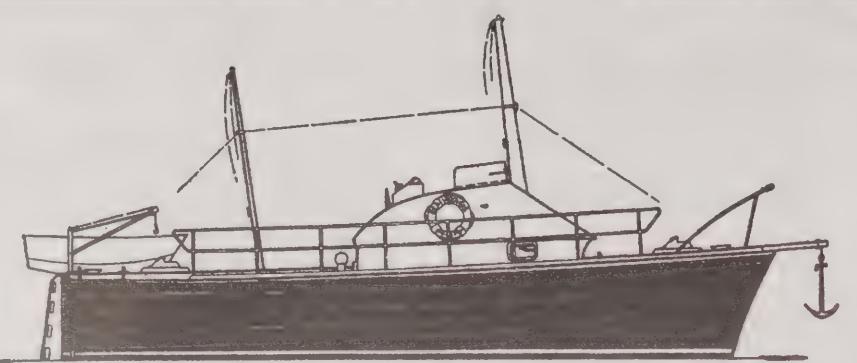
Breadth 11'0" - Draft 3'0"

Nathan Olin was one of the engineers of the fast liner *United States*. He had a sideline importing boats from small but high quality British and German boatyards. He had had good luck with two designs of mine and this one was supposed to be the third, to be called the Asteria Sea Voyager. It did not go beyond the stage of a detailed preliminary study because he became fearful of the condition of the aging boilers of the *United States* and determined to close down the sideline business and get out of that engine room while he could. (As it happened, she was laid up without suffering a major accident.)

The design was a type that I was trying to promote at the time as it seemed to fill a gap in the market for moderate sized power cruisers. The thought was that if such a boat, with a reasonably well formed moderate speed hull, was given a flush deck well railed in, she would be much more fit to handle heavy weather than boats with the usual big cockpit and also could have much more usable space below decks. The deck itself would be much more roomy than the cockpits, so much so that there would be space to carry two good sized sailing dinghies, one of which could be used, for instance, by children without marooning their parents or making it hard to rescue them if they got into trouble.

The helm station would be a more or less conventional flying bridge with a good view all around but with quicker access to all parts of the boat along the flush deck. There would be a real engine room fit to work in with hatches closed. None of the several production builders I was working with at the time were willing to gamble on a design this "different." Dealers told them, among less well defined objections, that a power cruiser this size, which did not have standing headroom throughout, could not be sold. Perhaps they were right.

Perhaps if the idea had been better thought through they could have been convinced, since there are several points about this early on study that are not as good as they should have been. The deck railings are not high enough to give real security. The launching arrangements for the two dinghies are primitive (though they are seldom seen done much better even now 40 years or so later, even on megayachts). Access below decks is poorly arranged and uncomfortable. The



boarding ladder is too steep. The galley does not have nearly enough counter space. There's no view out from below decks. And so on.

All of this could have been dealt with enough planning. Some of it would have been improved in the course of developing the working plans. Some things, like the 30" railing height, would eventually have been corrected to at least 39". The basic idea still seems to me to have had merit, not to replace the boats with cockpits but as an alternative to them for some people.

The intended construction was plywood lapstrake. This may not have been a good idea in those pre-epoxy times, though quite a few boats built that way did stand up quite well, no doubt with better care than many boats get. The hull form was a conventional round bilge type with a deep and sharp forefoot to go smoothly against a head sea and a flat stern to leave a flat wake up to 16 or 18 knots and to be quite economical when slowed down to seven or eight knots. I have come to think that the stern is better with some deadrise, keeping the draft under the propeller the same with a tunnel or pocket. The concave stem profile was fashionable at the time but was never a good idea, though it did not do much harm. A nearly plumb stem with a slight curve at the lower end would look much better to my eye.

She was supposed to be perfectly fit and to have range enough to go out to Bermuda or down through the West Indies without more than ordinary concern about the weather. Back in the 1900s there were several races to Bermuda for small power cruisers. The boats were very bad, poor hull shapes, no ventilation, unusable in even moderately bad weather, no helm shelter, leaky fuel tanks, and, above all, an unbelievably casual attitude about fire and explosion. The logs of the boats in these races are horrifying to read. Nevertheless, there were no casualties, though in at least one of those races the Gulf Stream passage was rough. If they got away with it, a halfway decent boat could do it now as a matter of course without any degradation of her normal coastwise in good weather function.

There are no working plans for this boat. We toss it out for the possible interest of somebody working with a bare hull as an overlooked configuration that might be worth thinking about. The photo is of one of the earlier, smaller Asteria boats.



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I don't remember why I started to look up things about waves, but it led to some new thoughts and a lot of questions. So this is a summary of the parts I read that I could understand and the things I think I know. I would be glad to be corrected by anyone that really knows about waves.

It all starts with little curved ripples that run along and join up with each other. The water doesn't move because the surface tension (stuff that water spiders walk on and what makes water droplets round) holds it in place, but the pressure of the wind is pressed down on the water, which is not very compressible, and the wave of pressure runs along the surface. The Jeffery's theory of wave production holds that it is the turbulence of wind striking the water surface that produces the drops and hills of the waves.

When we want to talk about something we usually need to name it, so we have wind waves, reflected waves, boat and ship waves, breaking waves, standing waves, and long waves (tsunami).

Wind waves are first. They depend on four factors for development, wind velocity, depth of water, fetch (distance the wave has run), and the time the wind has acted on the water.

The minimum wind speed, fetch, and time factors needed for full development of a wave are shown in Chart A.

Now let us name some parts of the wave.

Period is the time between the same parts of the wave passing a stationary point.

Wave length is the distance from the same place on one wave to the same spot on the next.

Wave height is the vertical height from the bottom of the trough to the top of the crest. Mean quiet water level is in between so that half the wave height needs to be subtracted from the water depth and added to the bridge clearance if your boat is small enough to be going up and down in the waves.

Characteristics of average fully developed waves are shown in Chart B.

Easy things to notice above. The speed of the wave is always a little less than the wind speed that produces it. At ordinary wind speeds of 10mph to 20mph the waves are up to 5' high. When it is blowing 20, I see waves bigger than that! I will come to that later. The wave length increases faster than the wave speed so that the period becomes longer (more time before the next waves comes).

The really big waves come from storms with 40 to 50 knot winds that blow for two or three days over a fetch of plus or minus 1000 miles.

Wave heights higher than average are shown in Chart C.

There is that 99' wave and there are those 8' waves that appear when the rest of the waves are only 5'.

At this point let me remind you that the water moves up and down like a rope that is shaken at one end. The waves run down the rope to the other end that might be tied to a post. It is some sort of dance with surface tension and pressure in the water. If you watch a floating object in the water, as the wave goes by it moves in the direction of the wave a little. Then as the wave passes it moves back. Wave mechanics authors say the water particles in the water make that same little route. It is the motion that you would expect gravity to cause on the two slopes of the wave

The Magic of Waves

By Irwin Schuster

and, of course, gravity is like corrosion, it is with us all the time, 24/7 is the current expression.

In the Power Squadron courses and in older issues of Chapman's (mine), two kinds of waves are described. One is the trochoidal and the other the cycloidal. When I look the terms up in the dictionary I find they are both described by a point on a circle that is rolling along a straight line. The trochoidal has rounded tops and is referred to in other writings as "ocean swells," while the cycloidal waves have peaked tops and occur along beaches and in areas where wind driven waves are developing.

My interpretation of this is that the trochoidal wave is the basic wave traveling from its development to some distant ending, and the cycloidal wave is a wave with the top of the wave running a little faster than the bottom. In the case of the breaking wave, the bottom of the wave is "rubbing" on the bottom of the ocean or beach and the bottom is slowing down. In the case of the developing wind-driven wave, the top of the wave is accelerating due to the wind force on its surface. In either case, the top of the wave is trying to run a little faster than the bottom and that pulls the peak on the wave. When the top really does run faster, then the top falls over into the trough ahead; i.e., breaking wave.

Hawaii and California are big surfing areas because the broad Pacific Ocean (fetch) and the westerly winds and deep water bring the large ocean swells rolling into the beach. On the East Coast there are swells that develop from storms out in the Atlantic and move west, but they are blunted by the continental shelf and the westerly winds. In the southern ocean the waves can roll all the way around the world (fetch) and not be interrupted by continents. That is probably the area of the greater waves and stronger winds.

Reflected waves bounce from the hard walls of docks and piers while irregular stone and sand beaches tend to absorb the energy of the wave and not much is reflected. Visit the entrance to Key West Harbor along the steel sheeting of the mole and watch the waves of passing power boats reflect out into the mass of confused waves present there. Often there are ocean swells coming in, reflected waves from the mole wall and wind waves coming down the channel to mix with waves of boats coming and going and confused by the current running in or out or standing still.

Current, now that is the first time I mentioned that. A current running against wind waves has the effect of increasing the speed of the wind over the water. The water is actually moving against the wind and increases the wind velocity against the water surface. So the waves are bigger where the current is running against the wind and smaller where the current is running with the wind. You can usually tell which way the current is running by looking at the surface. If the ripples or waves are bigger in the center, then the current is running against the wind, and if they are flatter in the center and more pronounced

at the edges, then the current is running with the wind.

The current running out of a channel or river and running into "swells" will stack them up, and if the current is running in they will get stretched out. In a shallow river the current will make its own waves from turbulence as it runs over the bottom. These are called "rapids" and have "haystacks," standing waves, and waves like those of a ship moving through the water, but now the water is moving by the obstruction. In deeper channels turbulence is produced as the current passes over obstructions on the bottom. If this affects the surface depends on the speed of the current, the depth, and the obstruction. So the effect could be transient, subtle, or dramatic.

The surfaces along the shore affect the reflected waves to a startling degree. Years ago we sailed small boats in a lake with residential property around the edges and the shores were lined with "rip rap," quarried stone just piled irregularly around the shores. It reduced erosion of the shore but didn't prevent it. As the property has come more and more into the hands of affluent owners, the owners have installed aluminum or steel vertical edging to prevent erosion, and the result is exaggeration of reflected waves so that on weekends and holidays when motor boats are out water skiing and jet boats are playing, the irregular chop from reflected waves is a real nightmare for small sailboats.

Other ways waves are reflected are just by turning in direction when running into shallow water. Watch waves coming into a beach at an angle and see them turn more toward shore as they come to the beach.

South Sea waves are deflected around islands and the primitive native navigators depended on noticing those changes when at sea to detect their position and to find or avoid that island.

Ship waves I am not sure about. The bigger the ship, the bigger the waves, and the nearer hull speed, the bigger the waves. Often I count three big waves coming off the bow or sides. One big wave as the hull pushes water aside, I understand. Do the others come from reflections off the side of the hull?

One of my early revelations of ship waves was when sailing Sunfish on the Ohio River where it was about a mile wide. The water was fairly flat with relatively light wind. We were heading east against the current and hugging the south shore to stay out of the current. Suddenly a 3' wave came rolling in from across the river and there in the distance was a big barge hugging the opposite shore. Ship and boat waves can be substantial and roll a long way before they are absorbed into the menagerie of little bumpy waves on the sea.

Standing waves go up and down in the same spot. They result from reflected waves in harmony, a reflected wave from the current passing over an obstruction or the meeting of opposing wave forces so that the wave merely rises and falls. Maybe I watch waves more than some power boat operators. When going upwind in Hawk Channel the sailboat helmsman, who is trying to really make his boat go (racing) will be watching the wind effect on his jib and watching the waves. I would try and have one of the crew looking for big waves or flat spots in the distance and I would be following the waves close by.

The system was up (head up into the wind a little) on the up side and down (head a little away from the wind) on the down side. More on that later. We could see the waves coming and tried to dance the boat up and down them. Occasionally in a long trough a wave would rise up out of the ocean without coming down the row of waves ahead of us. I assume that they were some kind of standing wave. What happened to them after we were through I never knew because I was looking at the jib and the next wave.

Waves that meet at angles or are opposite of each other are additive. That is, if they are going generally in the same direction they may be twice as high and twice as deep, and if they are opposite of each other in phase they may form a standing wave that rises and falls in the same spot.

Long waves are those whose wave length is large in comparison with the depth of the water. The particle motion in the wave is different than that in wind waves and the speed of the wave is dependent of the depth of the water or 3.36 times the square root of the depth of the water with the depth in feet and the speed in knots. In the deep ocean the speed may be up to 400 knots. Tsunamis are long waves that form from earthquakes and similar underwater activity. They are said to run at 400 to 500 miles per hour. When they reach shore and begin rubbing on the bottom they can become very high. Long waves can form standing waves where the size of a bay reflects the harmony of the waves. The high tide in the Bay of Fundy is a standing long wave of the tide because the size of the bay reflects the diurnal tide there.

Ordinarily the wave extends to a depth of half the wave length and when the depth becomes less than that the wave begins to trip. If you check Chart C you will see that the 5' waves in Hawk Channel have been rubbing on the bottom since 50' and maximum depths are 30'. When you are diving on the bottom along a reef, you feel the waves going by overhead.

For managing big waves with your powerboat, go into them at about 45 degrees from the line of the crest. If your boat is parallel to the wave crest you will get a lot of roll from the wave and if it is breaking, a real slam. Straight into the wave is a real bang at speed. If you are just holding position, then "jogging" into the wave with just enough throttle to maintain steerage is a comfortable maneuver. When running a small outboard into the waves I have often found myself "tacking" in the powerboat. Take a number of waves at 45 degrees one way and then a number at 45 degrees the other way so that I get directly up wind by zigzagging.

When running the big waves on a bar or inlet in a power boat, it is safest to get on the back side of the wave running the same direction and stay on the back side and follow the wave in. Just stay on the back of the wave by carefully adjusting the throttle. On the backside of the wave a little wave current is running toward you and will help with steering and control. If you get too far over, the wave may catch your stern and broach your boat. If you fall too far behind the next wave may get you. If you are coming out of the inlet and the waves are big and bad, you have the option of not going out.

When a sailor gets into the waves it may be a more intimate relationship than the power

boat operator. He is going slower and the waves will add or subtract a higher percentage of his movement. Generally he will be seeking smaller waves going upwind and bigger waves going downwind. The general advice for going upwind is "up the up side and down the down side."

Heading up into the wave brings the wind further forward as the boat slows and gets the boat through the negative part of the experience quicker. Bearing off down the down side of the wave speeds up the boat, bringing the wind further aft with the increase in speed and keeps the boat on the down slope longer. That resolves itself into a little dance of how far to turn right and left and how to get in rhythm with the big waves and which little waves to skip.

For me, a half hour to an hour working with the waves usually gets me with a feeling for them and the feeling that we are working together better. I am sure that with more experience some people may slip into the rhythm quicker. Some persons may just have a more natural feel for the spacing of the waves. If you have thought about all the things that have been said about the waves, you realize that it is an irregular rhythm and that every day is going to be a little different.

Going downwind if the seas are just quartering, they will head you up a little as the sea comes under the transom and then head you down a little as the seas roll on and get hold of the bow. That just gives the course a little up and down wiggle. It is much easier for the helmsman to let that roll and just keep the general course rather than to try and fix all the little wiggles so the compass doesn't swing at all. If you have big waves and can surge or plane down them, then look for the deeper trough or hole in front of you and try to steer into it. Ninety degrees to the wave

crests and head up when you get on the down slope to see if you can stay on the down slope.

Years ago I was sailing with a friend on his J24 in Race Week when the wind was up and everyone was at hull speed. We were on the same course as the "50-footers" (a class years ago) and they came by us on the spinnaker leg. My friend got us on the down slope of the big quarter wave that the first one was pulling. Suddenly we went from our maximum hull speed of about 7 knots to the max hull speed of the 50, figure about 9.5 knots. That is planing down their quarter with the 50 about 10' away. Their crew is yelling at us and we back at them. After about a half mile we lost them, but picked up the next 50 and carried him into the next turning mark.

Big waves aren't always running straight down the wind. Rubbing on the bottom may deflect the waves so they are turned nearer shore, or the wind may change and the waves will continue only being slightly changed by the wind. When sailing upwind you will often find one tack is heading more into the waves and the order taking them at a broader angle. Sail setting should be for a little more power on the tack more directly into the waves. Jib leads maybe a little more forward.

Wind direction changes frequently but it takes a period of time for the waves to change. I have used the wave direction to help me back in sight of land when, without a compass, the sun was so high overhead that it was of no use to tell east from west.

Sailing or paddling in a channel with current, if you go upwind in the rougher water and downwind in the smoother water, you will have the current helping you both ways. You are allowed to think about that a little.

References: *Encyclopedia Americana*, Chapman's, *Piloting, Sailing Strategy, Wind & Current* (Ian Proctor).

Chart A

Wind Speed (knots)	10	20	30	40	50
Fetch (nautical miles)	10	75	280	710	1,420
Duration (hours)	2.4	10	23	42	69

Chart B

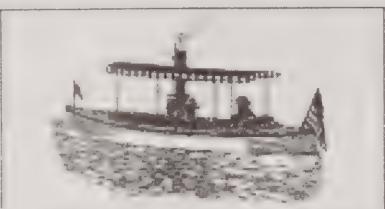
Wind (knots)	10	20	30	40	50
Period (seconds)	2.9	5.7	8.6	1.4	14.3
Wave Length (feet)	28	111	251	446	696
Average Height (feet)	0.9	4.9	13.6	27.9	48.7
Average Wave Speed (kts)	9	17	26	35	43

Chart C

Wind Speed (knots)	10	20	30	40	50
1/3 Highest Waves (ft)	1.4	8	22	44	78
1/10 Highest Waves (ft)	1.8	10	28	57	99



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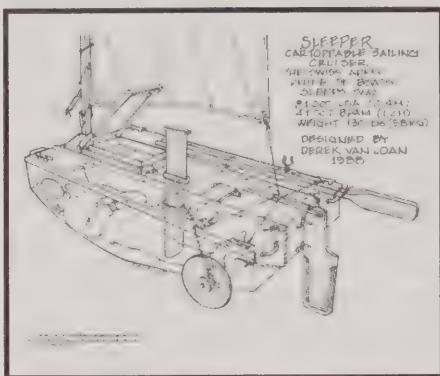


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Building Sleeper

Part 14

By Don Elliott



Most instructions you will receive with plans are very brief, like "build boat," and some come with none at all; that is, you only receive a set of drawings and you are left completely on your own to find out how to build the boat and how things are supposed to work once the boat is built.

Not Sleeper's plans and instructions. The drawings (four sheets) are highly detailed and backed up with many building notes on the faces of those drawings. The instruction booklet could not be laid out better for the homebuilder. The first part of the instructions is titled "Sleeper Underway" and gives clear explanations on how to use the craft. Not many plans bother to tell the sailor how to use the craft.

The next section in the instructions lists every part with a source list so one will know where to get the parts. Following that are the

building instructions, covered in a full ten pages and are given step-by-step. At the end there are some tips and hints to guide the builder in building Sleeper. However, no plans can give full building instructions, as it is expected that the builder must learn basic woodworking and gluing skills on his own. If the builder is not sure of these things there are books available or other sources of information that can be used. Don't guess at things, if you don't know for sure about some building detail, ask the designer or someone who would know.

The hull now should be complete and all that is left to do, as far as building, is to make the sail, mast, sprit pole and running rigging. The sketch below shows some of this gear with references to the pages of the set of instructions.

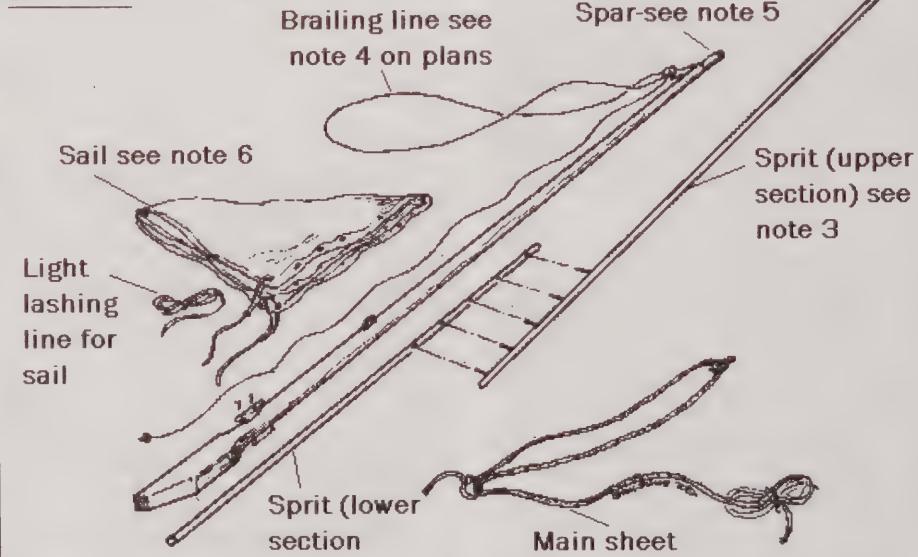
If the spars are left unpainted or will not be varnished or epoxy coated, these pieces may warp and take a bend (don't expect your sail to develop power if they do). A couple of coats of paint or varnish will prevent this. If the pieces are epoxied, make sure to either paint over the epoxy or use a vanish that has an agent that protects the epoxy from the sun, epoxy will quickly breakdown if it does not have a protective covering of some kind.

Note that the sprit pole is designed to be broken down (taken apart) for stowage and ease of transporting the sprit. One building detail that many builders overlook, not being careful with sharp tools when making items that are under stress, avoid nicking or making small cuts into the surface of wood parts. These create stress concentrations and may cause the part to fail without warning. If you happen to accidentally make such a nick or cut and it is not too deep, sand it out so it is very smooth over a long area, or if the cut is deep, better to make a new part.

The sail has no hoist nor does it need one. The design calls for a brailing line and this device will be explained in the next article on "Building Sleeper."

(To Be Continued)

Sail, spar, sprit pole and lines.



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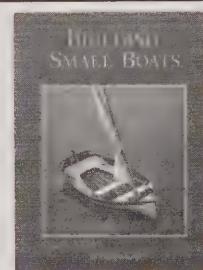
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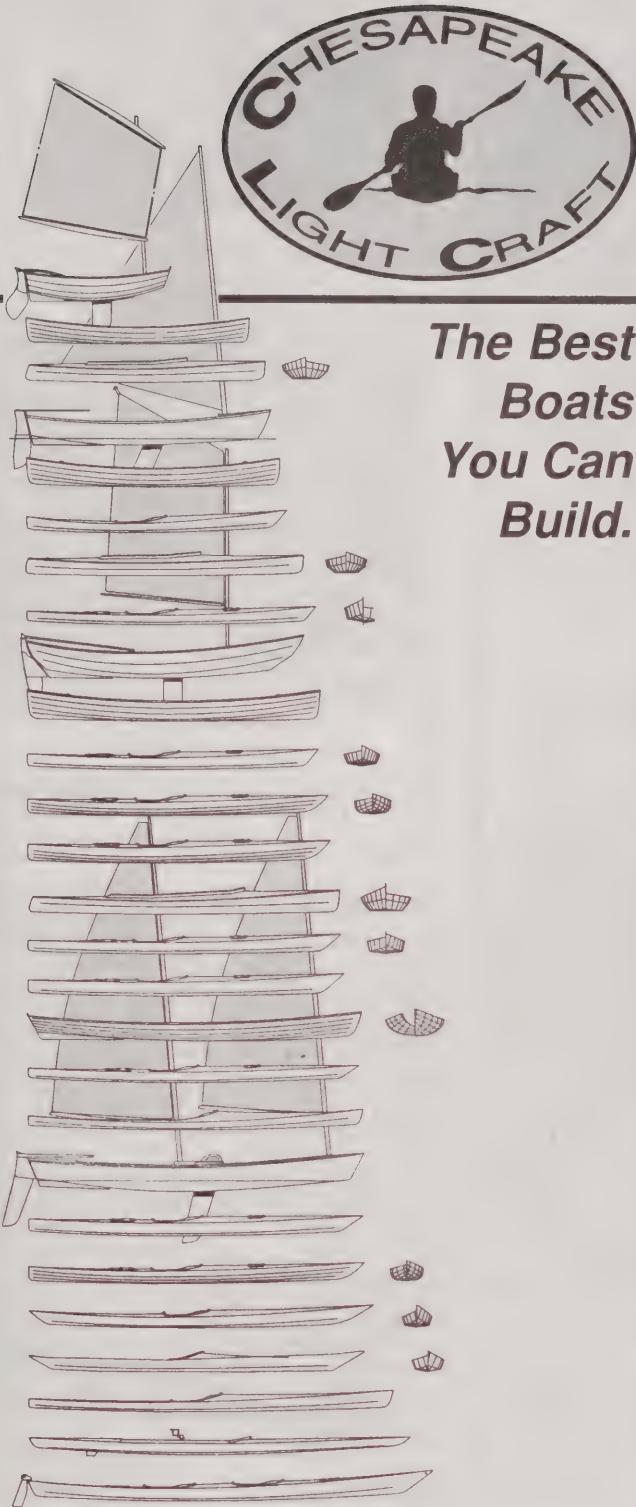
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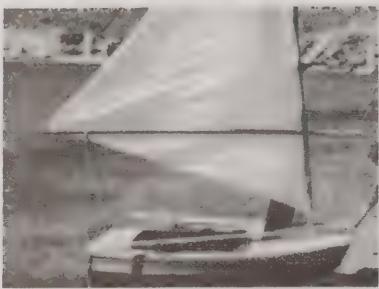
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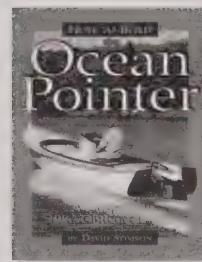
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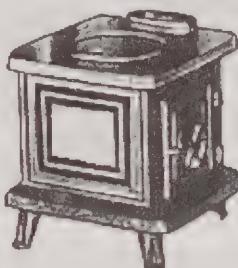


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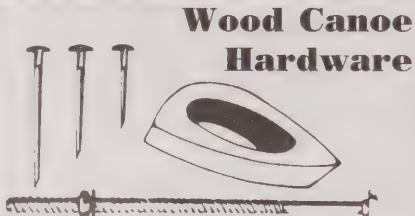
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6.6m (21-1/2') 2 Hatch Baidarka, George Dyson design, nylon skin on aluminum frames, all sewn (no screws, rivets, bolts). Beam 28.4", wgt 60lbs, lg diaphragm pump, skirts. Cruised Desolation Sound & Clayoquot Sound, BC and more. Blt '97. \$1,440.

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DAVE DAWSON, Northampton, PA, (610) 767 7851. (4)



Chesapeake Deadrise, 32' x 10', blt '89, Deltaville, VA. Hull in exc shape, cross planked bottom, strip planked from chine to rail, all about 1-1/2" thick, monel & SS fastened. Volvo Penta just rblt May 02 w/280 outdrive. Small cuddy fwd, pilothouse aft, all open between. \$6,000 OBO. NED COSTELLO, Middle Haddam, CT, (860) 267-6847, nedcoz@aol.com (17)

Snipe Sailboat, '40 compl reconditioned mahogany planked, sail #3920. I believe this to be 1 of only 2 or 3 boats of its kind still around. Spars appear to be spruce, sails Dacron, cb bronze. Boat weighs abt 900lbs, not a competitive racer but sails well and would win a competition based on beauty. W/professionally repainted HD trlr. Photos available on request. Asking \$4,000, will consider any reasonable offer.

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BRIAN QUINN, Rowley, MA, (978) 758-1950. (3)



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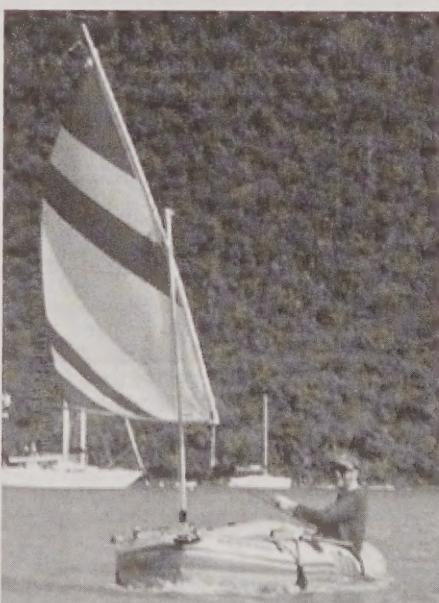
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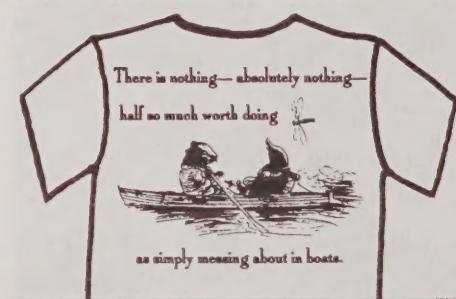
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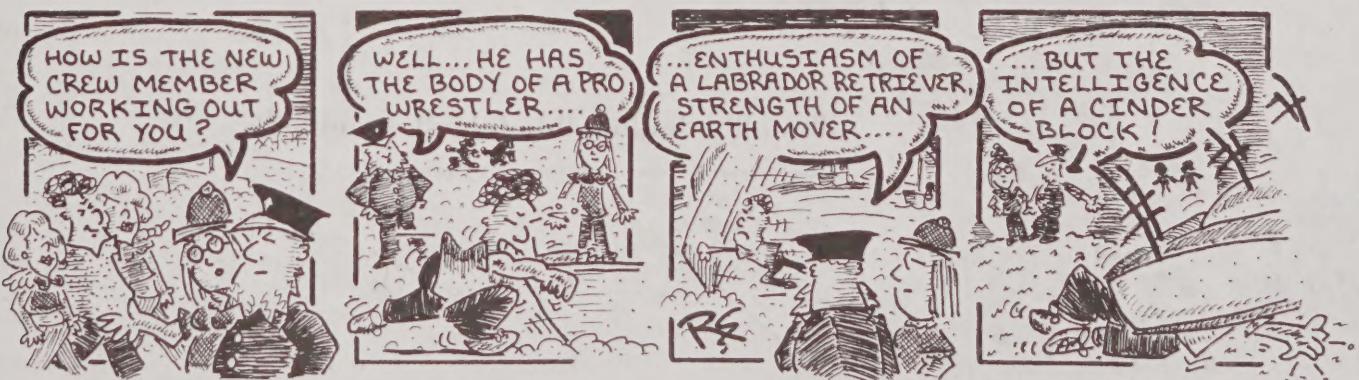
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Just enjoy and take it all in, even in the snow! Bradley Lake, Andover, N.H. Photo: Brownell

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